

NO 12
SEPTEMBER

IND.



MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



HERBIE



12¢

**SPECIAL
PRIZE
ISSUE!**

ANNOUNCEMENT
OF WINNERS!

also...
"The" **FAT FURY
RETURNS!"**



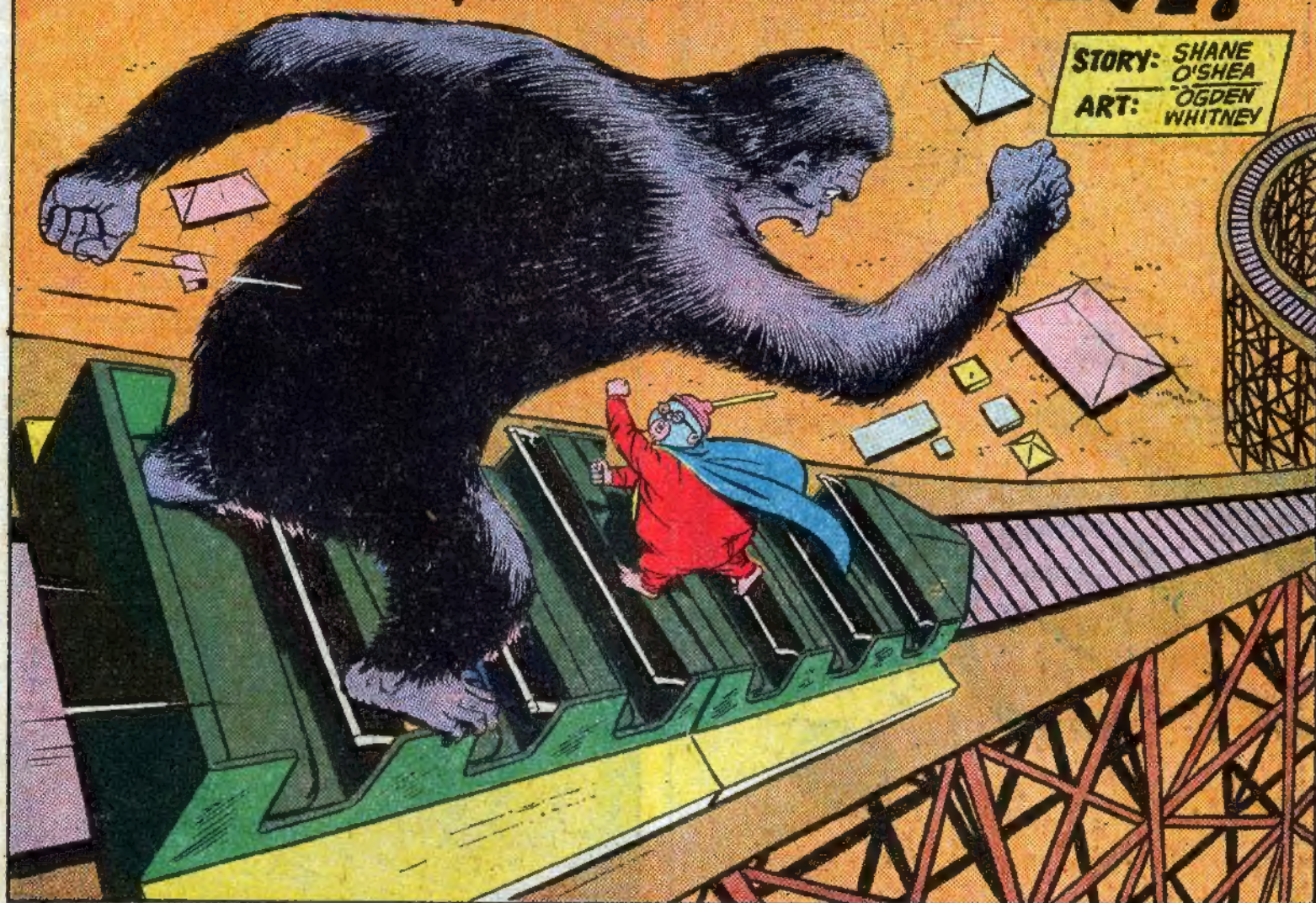
UH-UH! NO
GORILLA
AROUND
HERE!

TUNNEL OF LOVE

THERE'S MIDNIGHT MYSTERY AFOOT---AND DARK DANGER PROWLs! SO GO AHEAD, BOLT THE DOORS AND SHIVER---BUT THAT'S NOT FOR THE **FAT FURY!** WATCH THIS MIGHTY MOUNTAIN OF FEARLESS JELLO CRASH INTO THE CRAZIEST, KOOKIEST ACTION YOU'VE EVER SEEN! **SHOW THEM, HERBIE---IN---**

"GOOD GOSH, The GORILLA!"

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



GREAT STORY FOR YOU, READERS.
ALL ABOUT SOMEBODY WHO DID
SOMETHING FOR **ME** ONCE---
AND HOW IT ALL TURNED OUT---

**CHICK BEEPLE'S
GIANT CIRCUS**



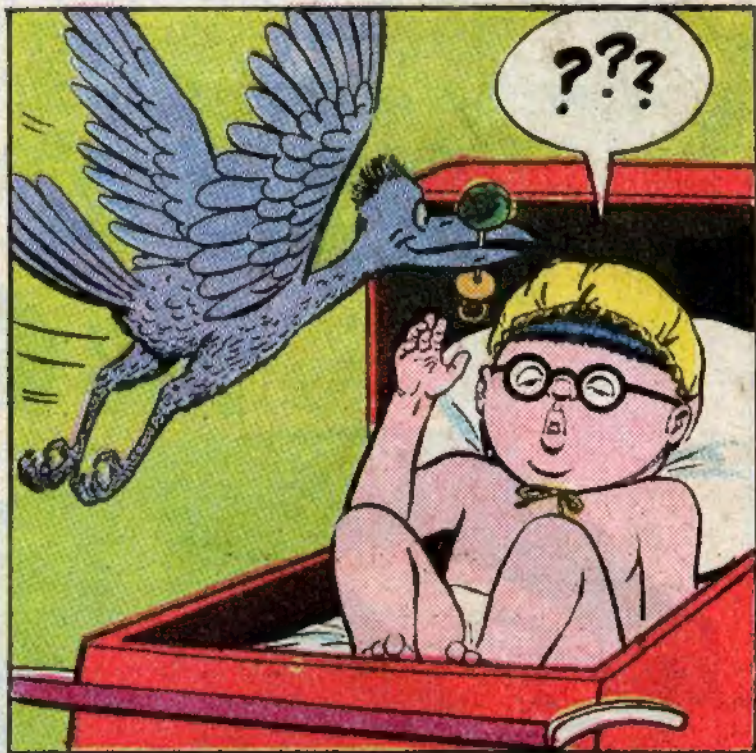
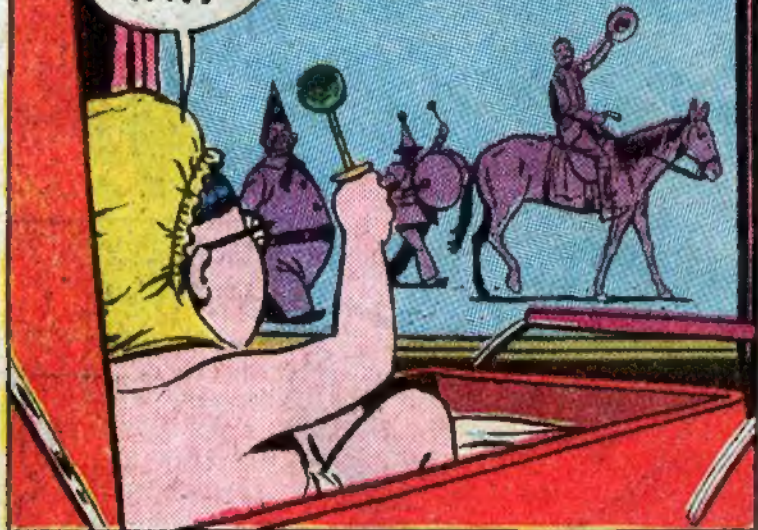
"ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS BABY---"

YOU CAN WATCH
THE CIRCUS PARADE
WHEN IT PASSES---WON'T
THAT BE **NICE?** AND
HERE'S YOUR
PACIFIER!

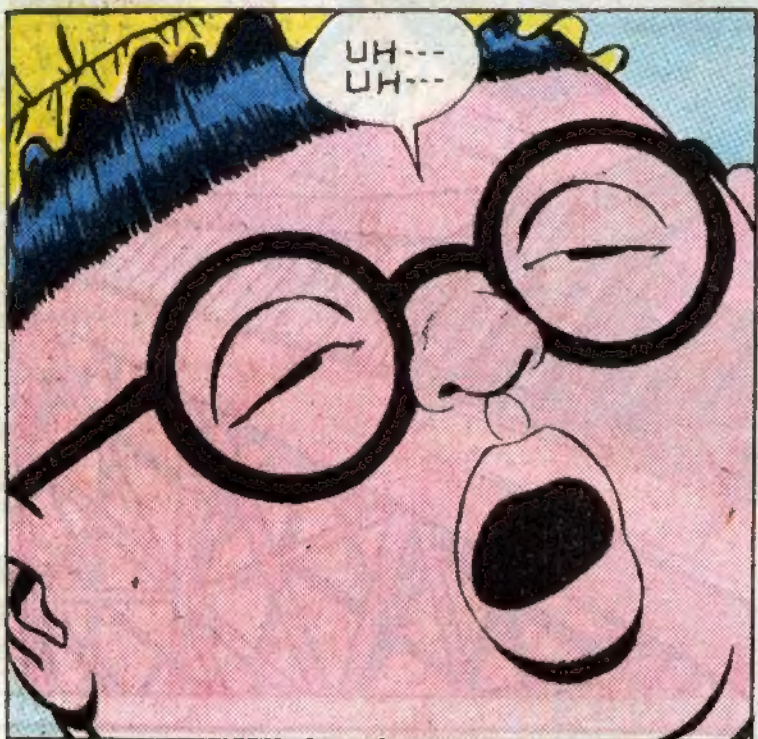


'OTHER BABIES HAD REGULAR PACIFIERS, BUT I HAD LOLLIPOP. THERE I WAS, ENJOYING PARADE...'

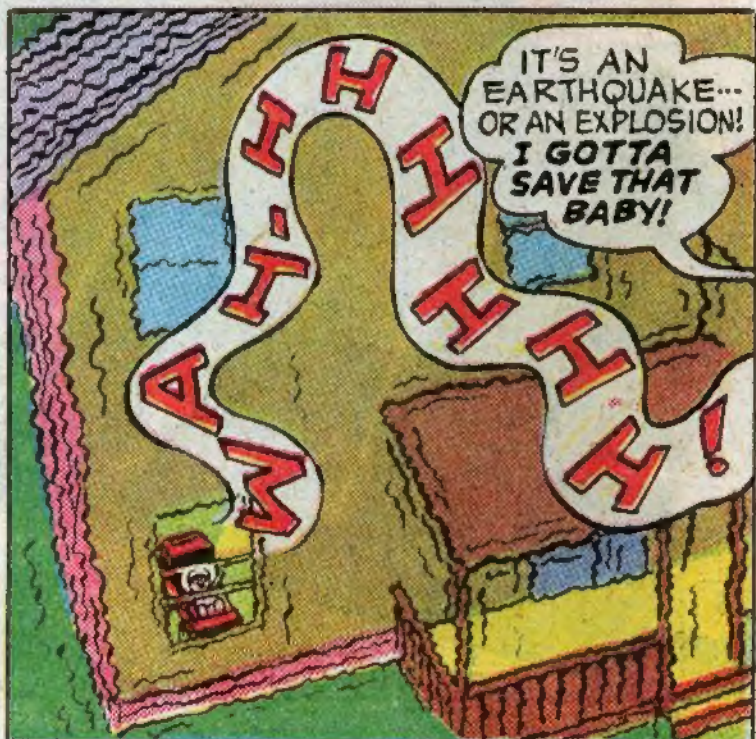
GLUG!
YAY!



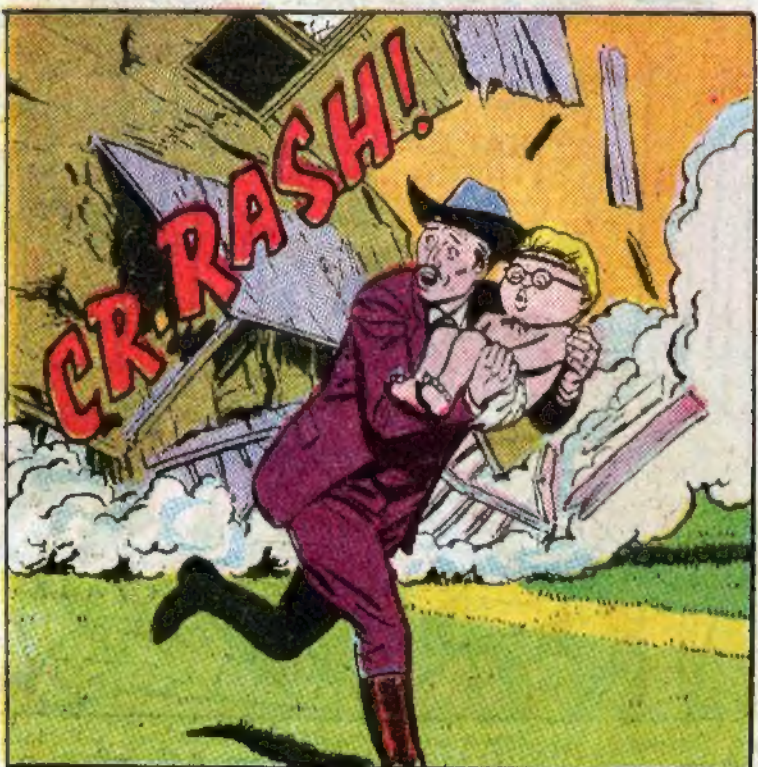
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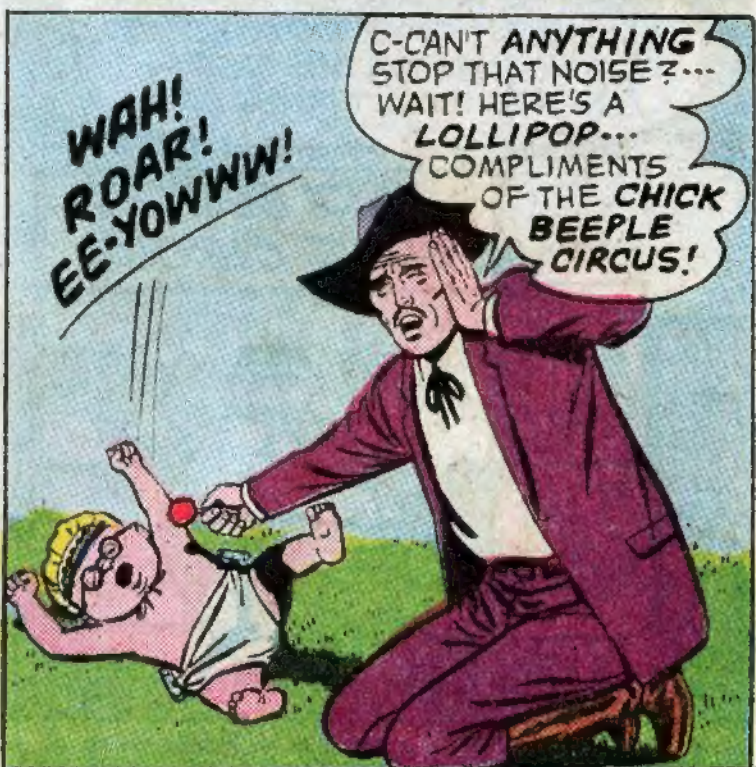
UH---
UH---



IT'S AN
EARTHQUAKE...
OR AN EXPLOSION!
I GOTTA
SAVE THAT
BABY!



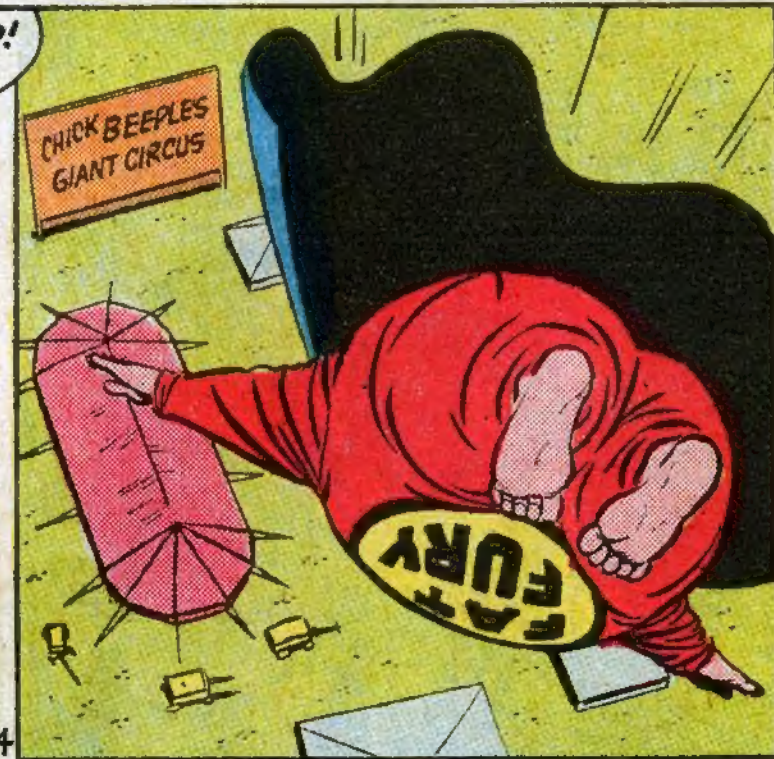
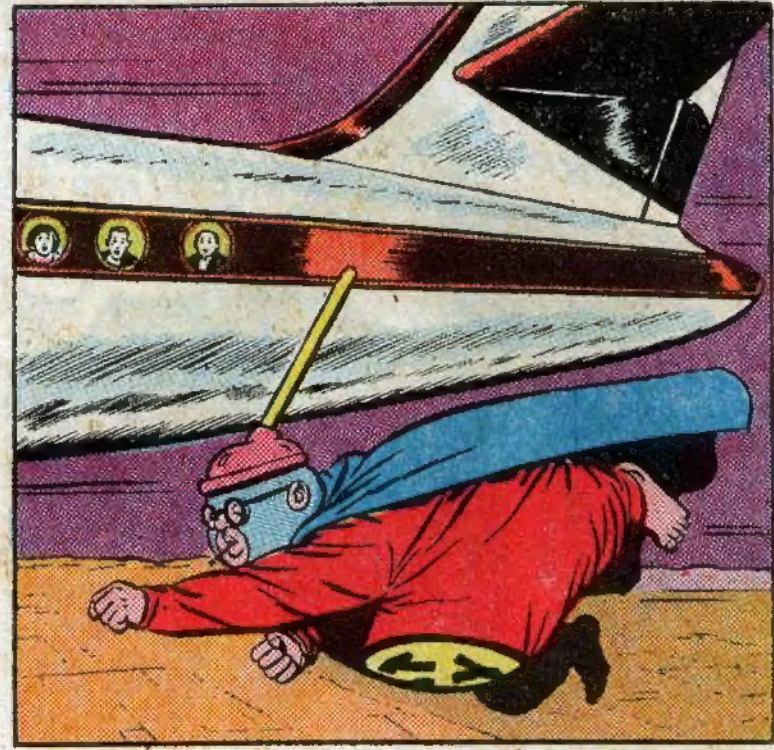
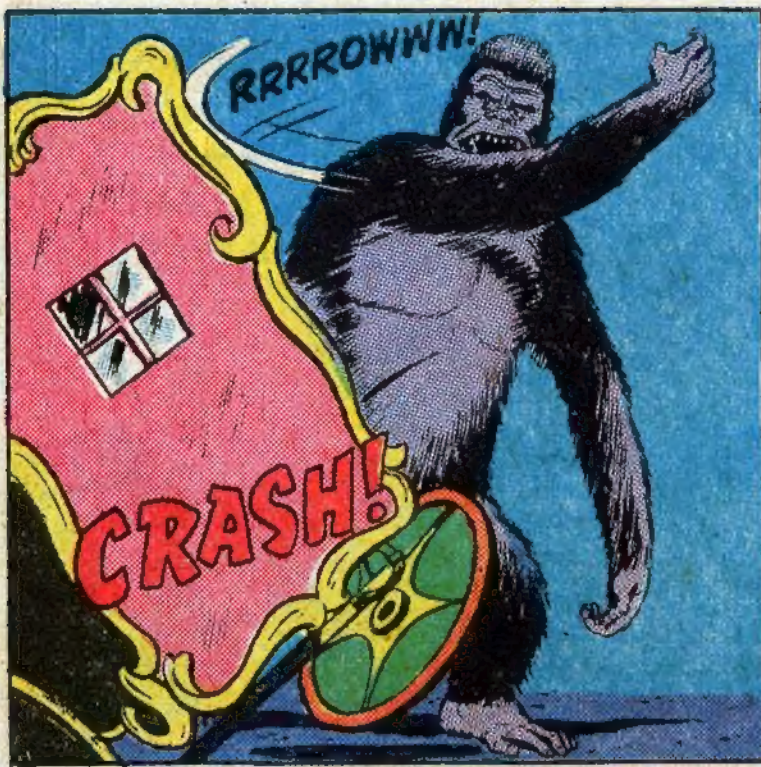
CRASH!

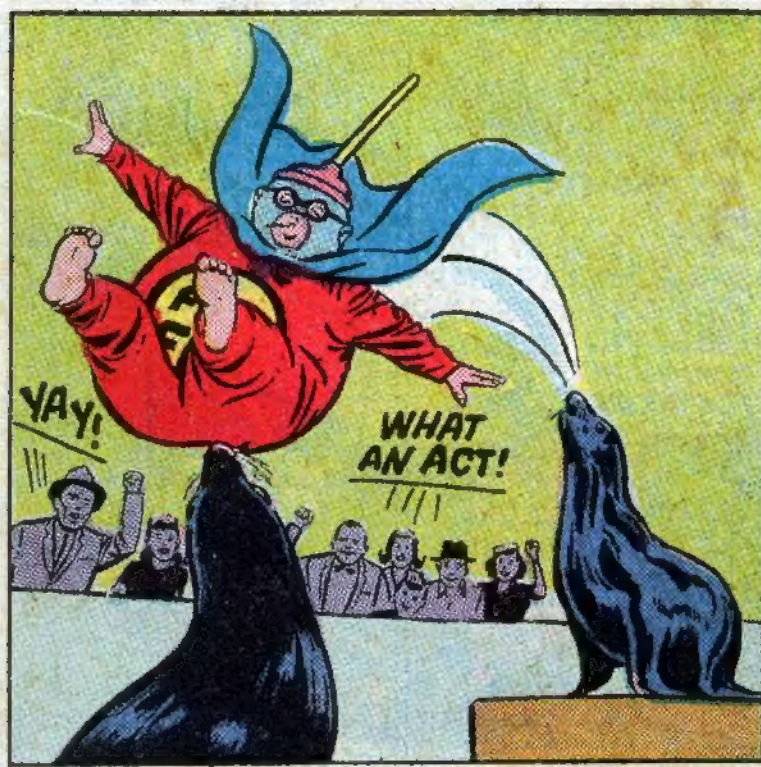
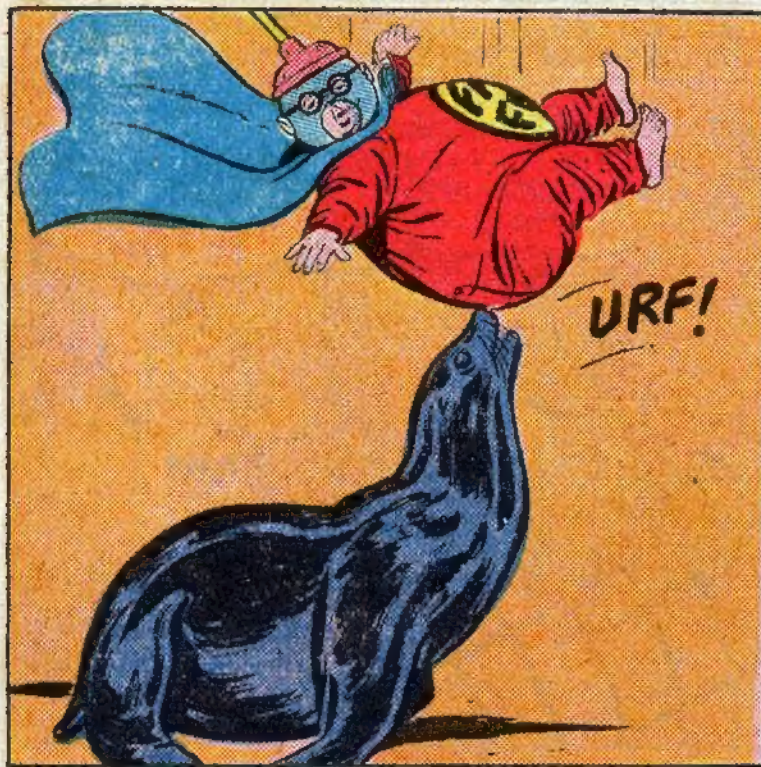


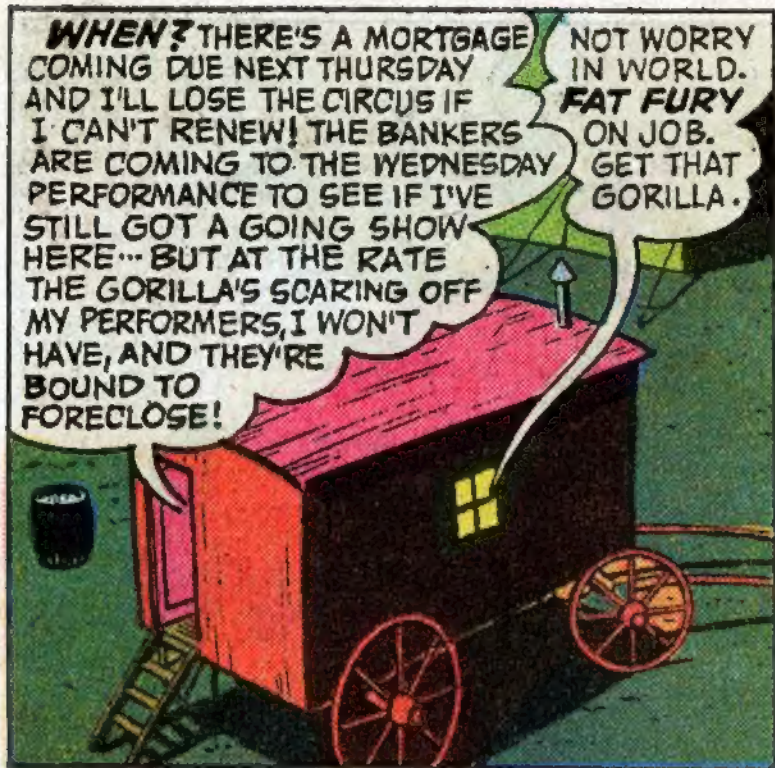
WAH!
ROAR!
EE-YOWWW!

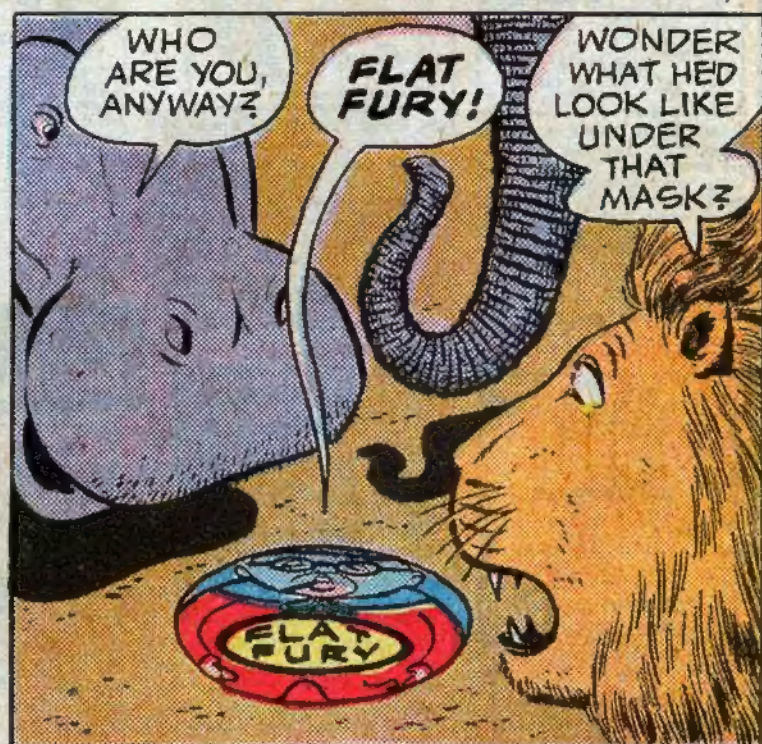
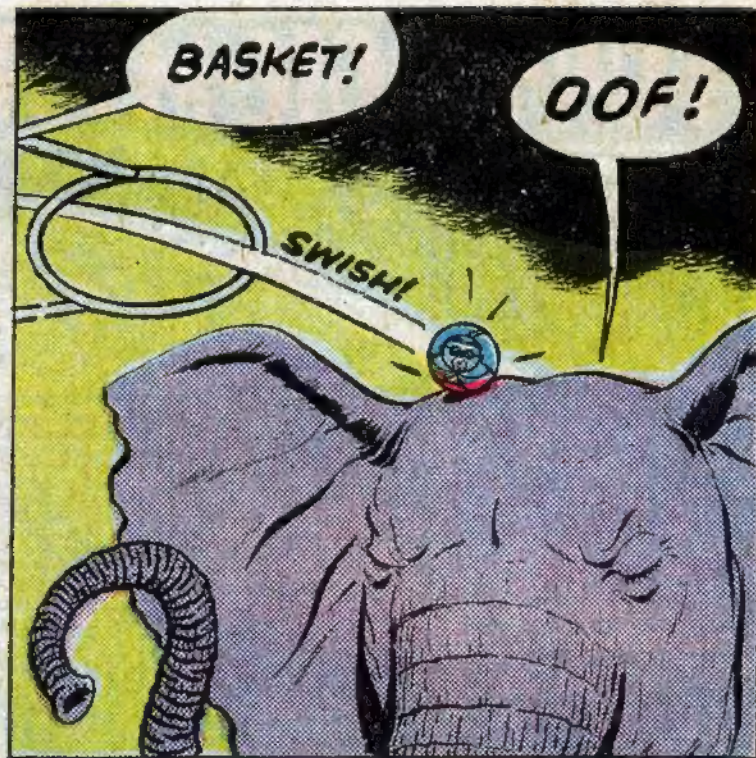
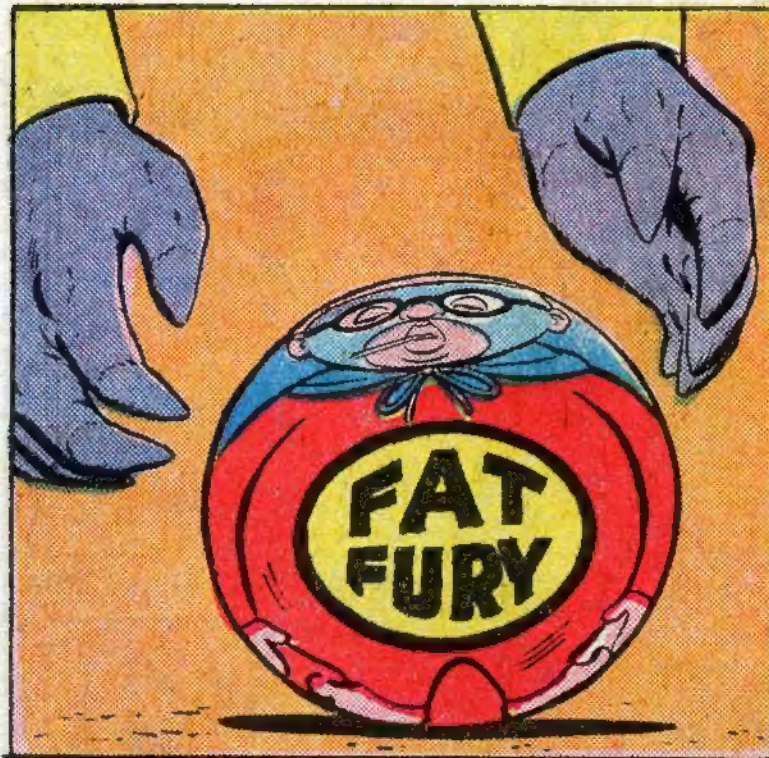
C-CAN'T ANYTHING
STOP THAT NOISE?...
WAIT! HERE'S A
LOLLIPOP...
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE CHICK
BEEPLE
CIRCUS!

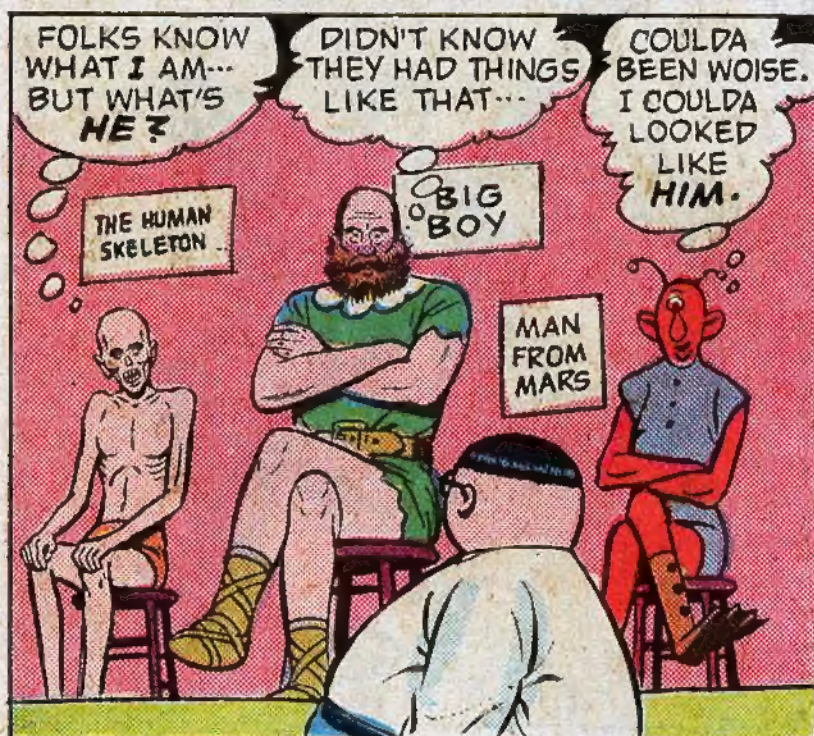
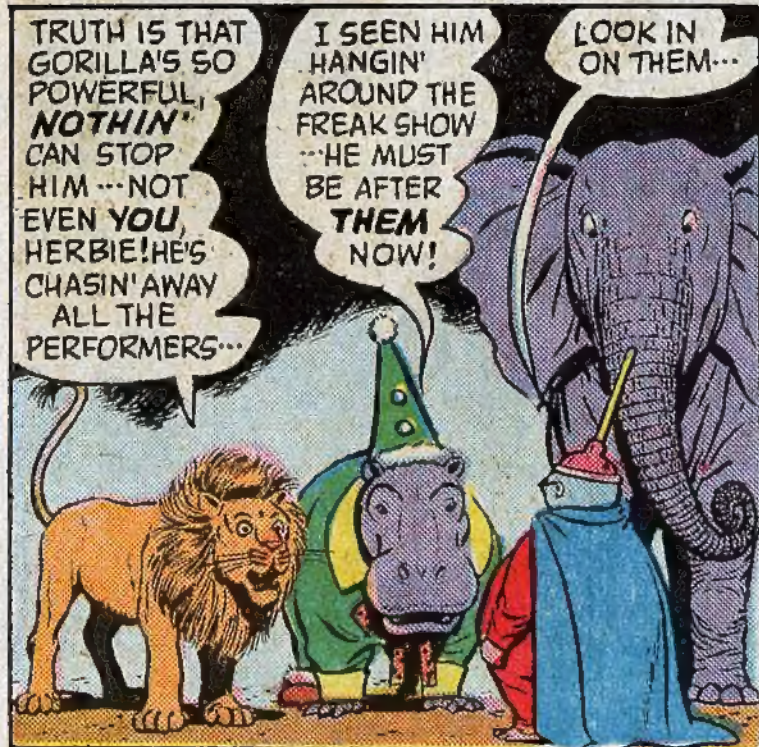














EVERYTHING OKAY...
GORILLA MUST HAVE
GOTTEN WISE TO ME
BEING HERE... WON'T
DARE MAKE PLAY...

"ONE THING
SURE... HAD TO
MAKE CERTAIN
GORILLA
DIDN'T STRIKE
AGAIN. HAD
TO BE A
PERFORMANCE
WEDNESDAY
NIGHT OR
CIRCUS WOULD
BE FORECLOSED.
SO I TOOK UP
GUARD... AND
AT TUESDAY
NIGHT'S
SHOW..."



OBSERVE, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN
...THE DEATH-
DEFYING COURAGE
OF THE TRAINER...

HURRAH!

YAY!



YEE-OWWW!

ARRR-RRRR...

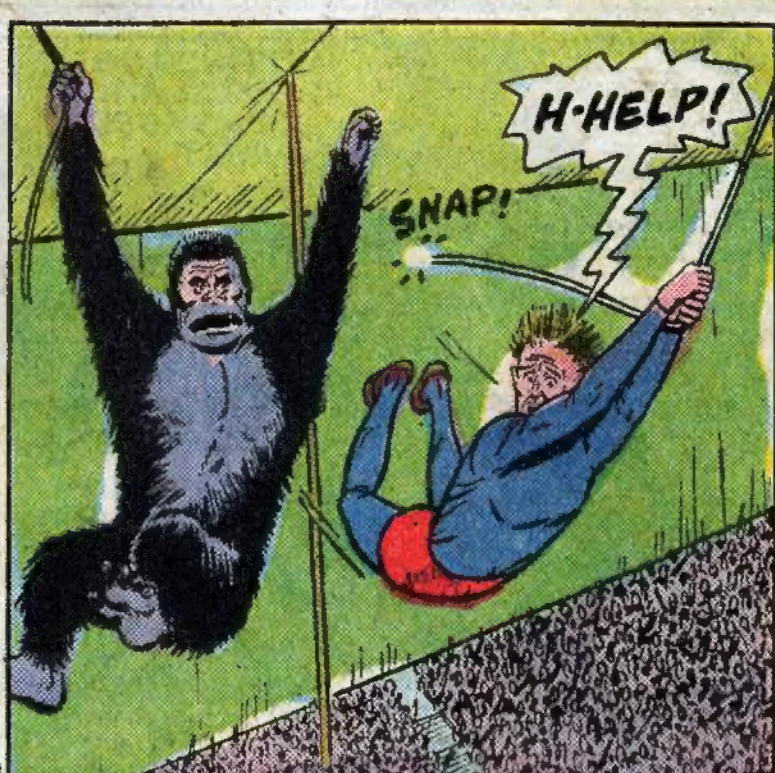


ARR-RRR!
ARR-RRR!
ARR-RRR!



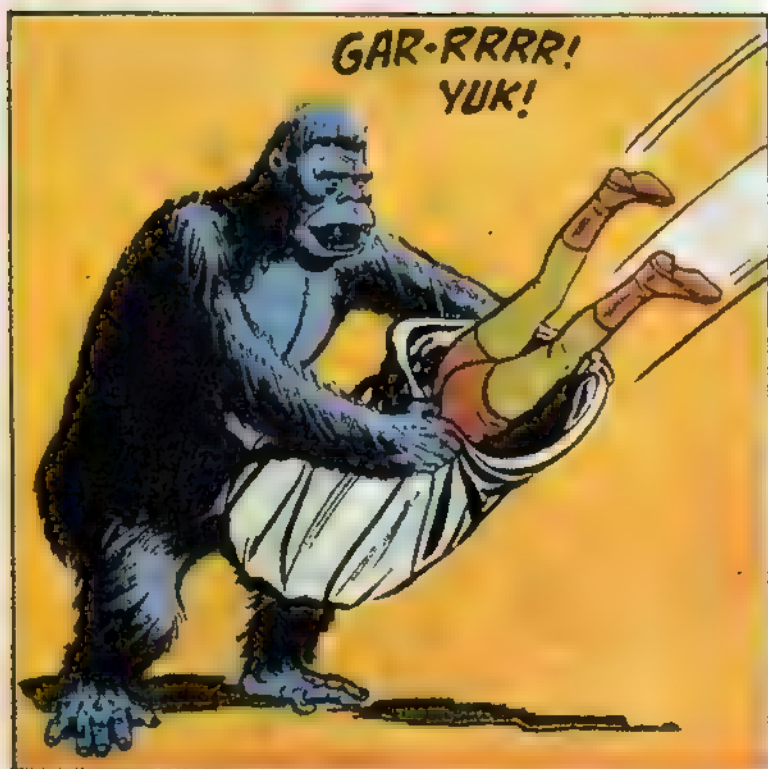
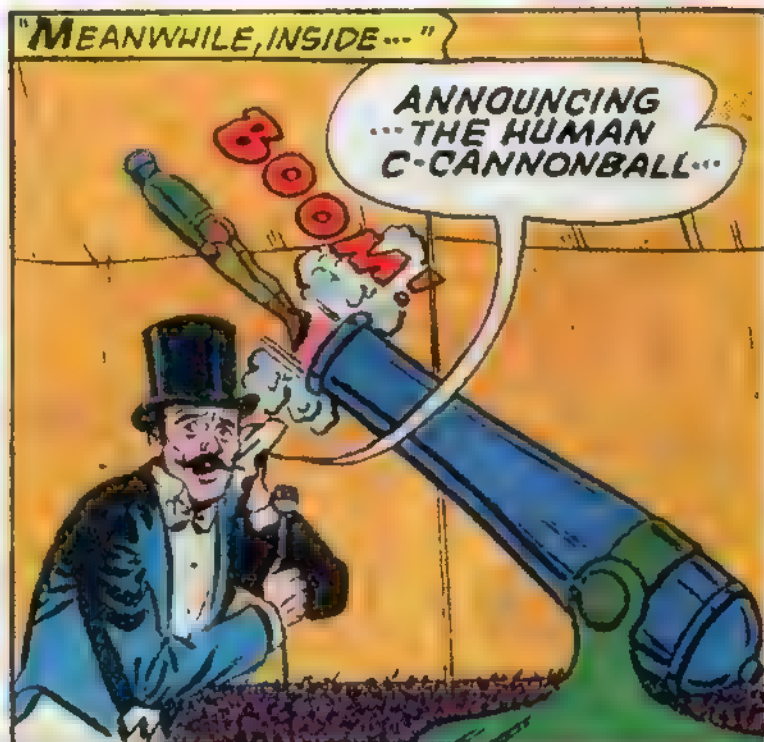
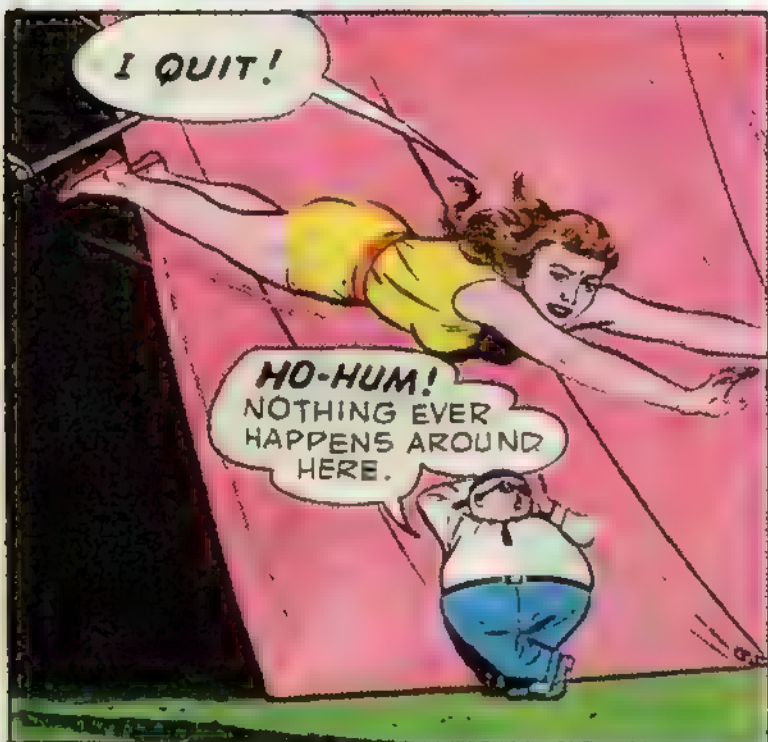
GULP!

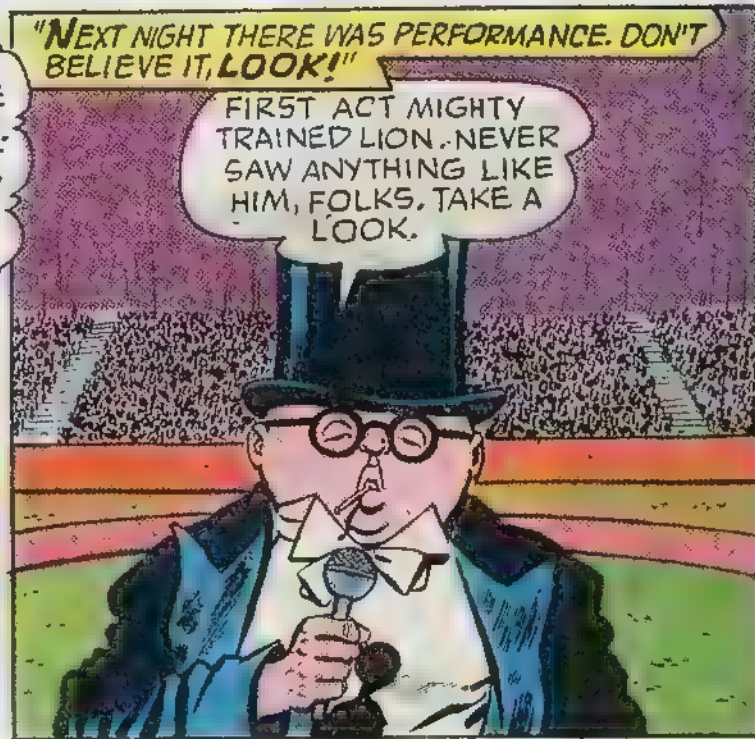
GR-RRRR...

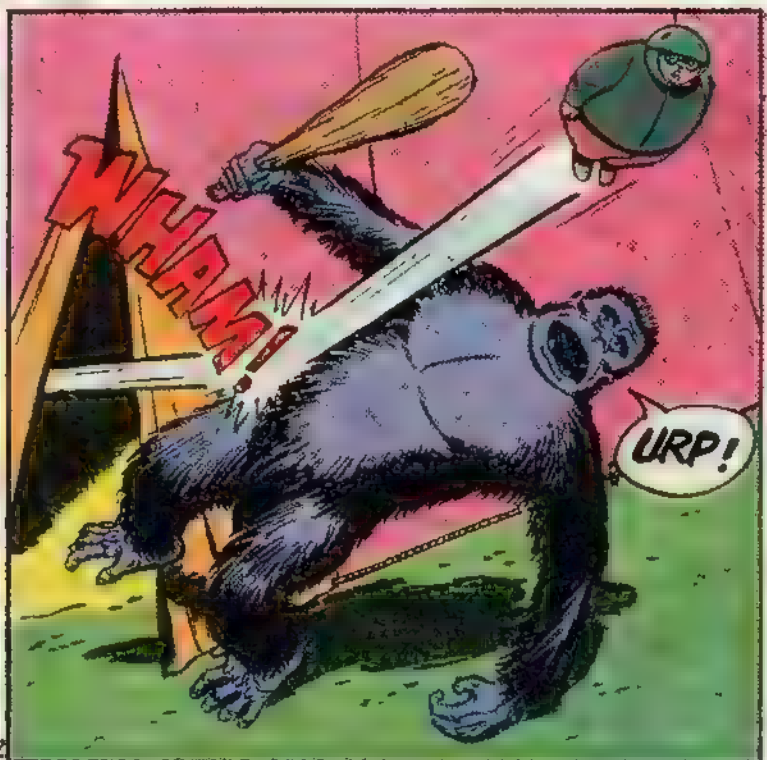
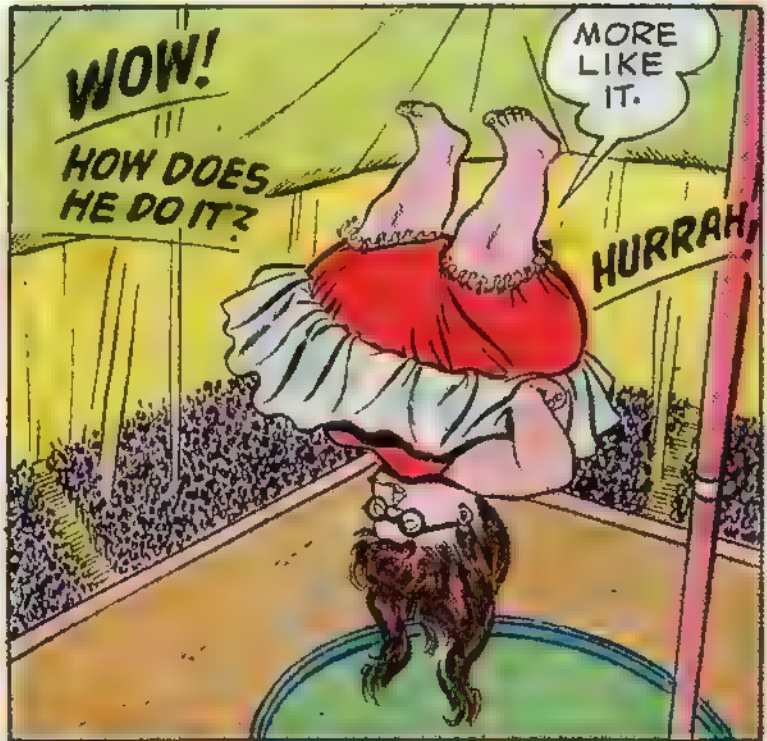
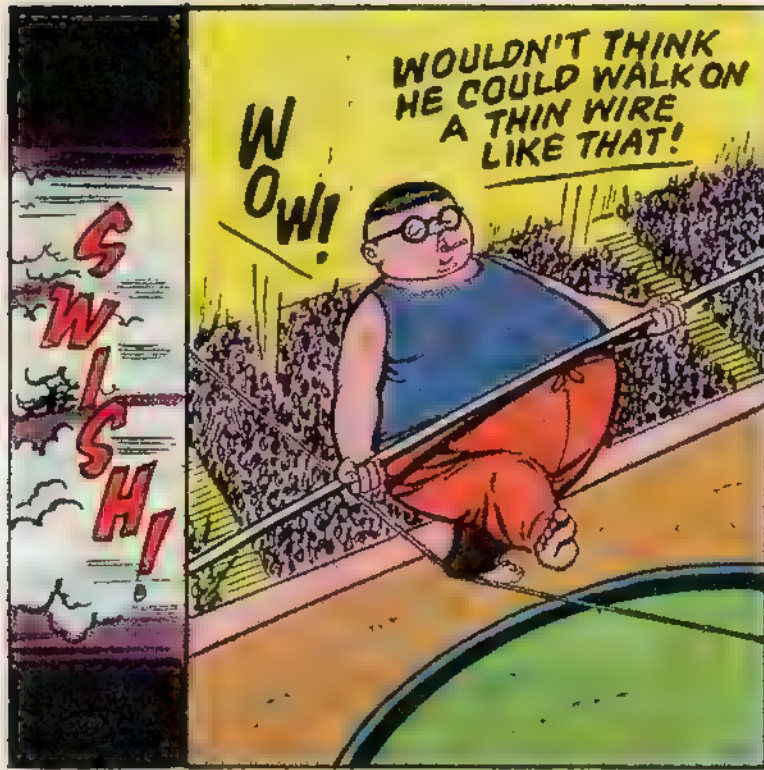


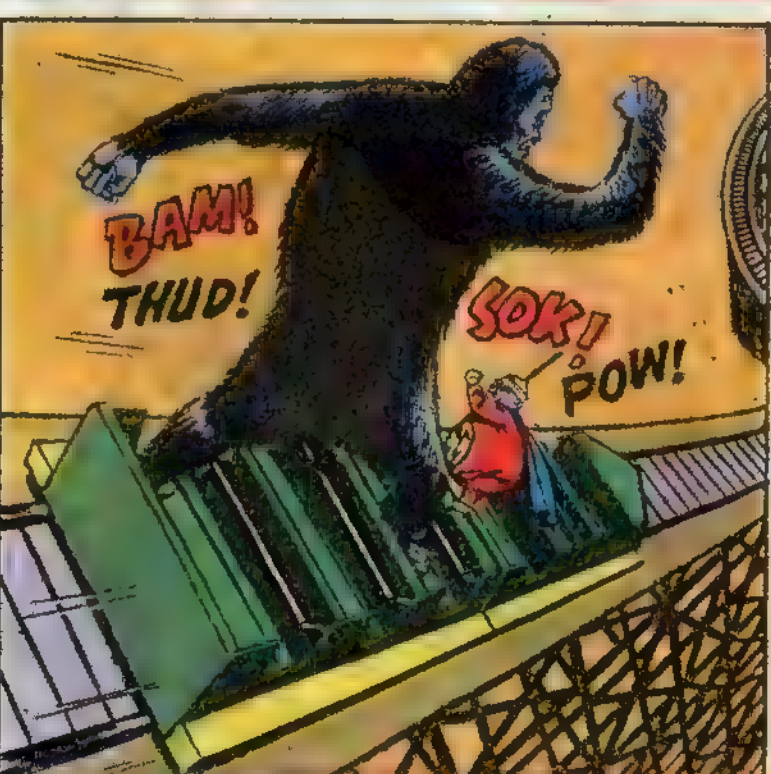
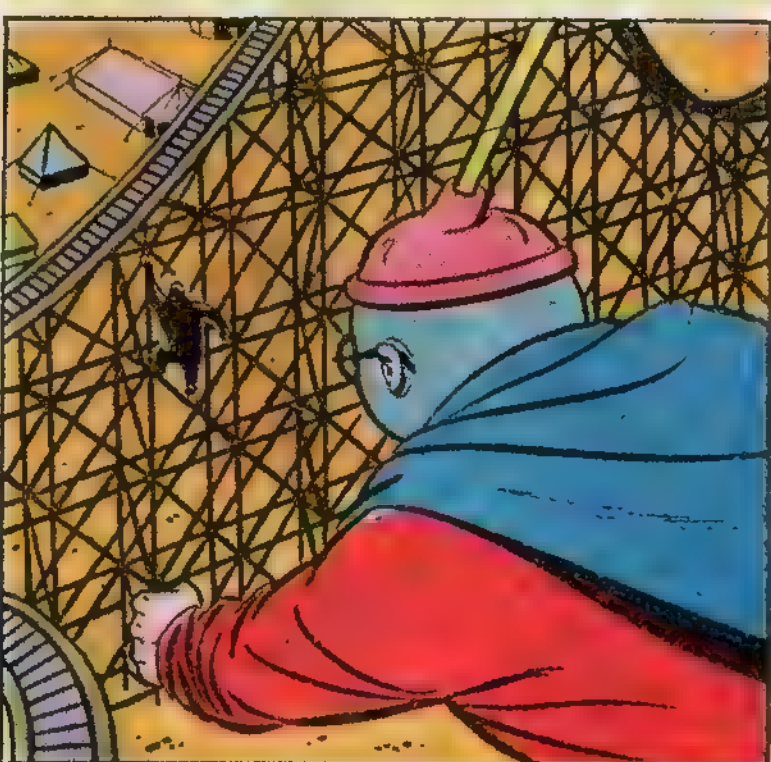
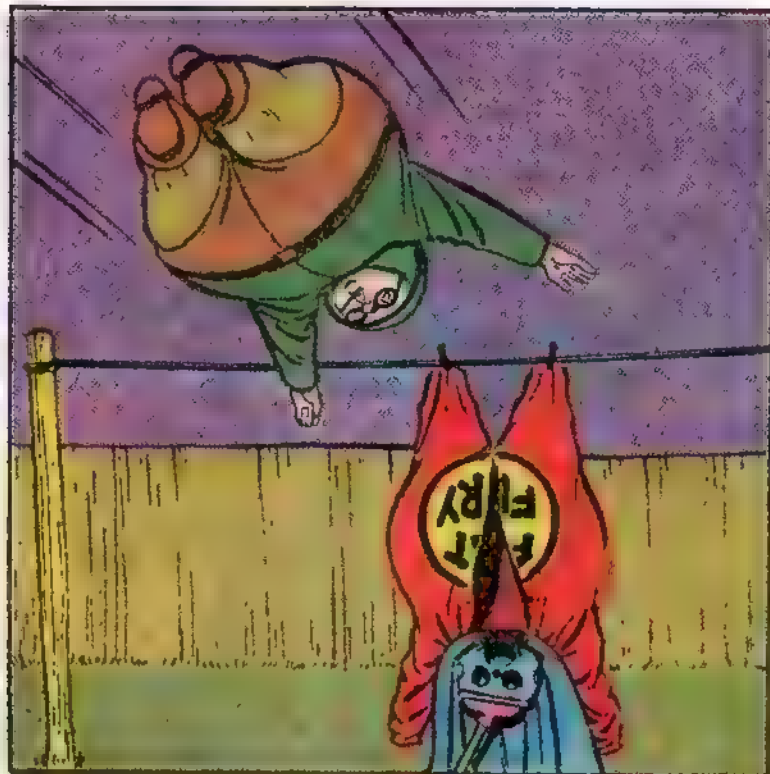
H-HELP!

SNAP!

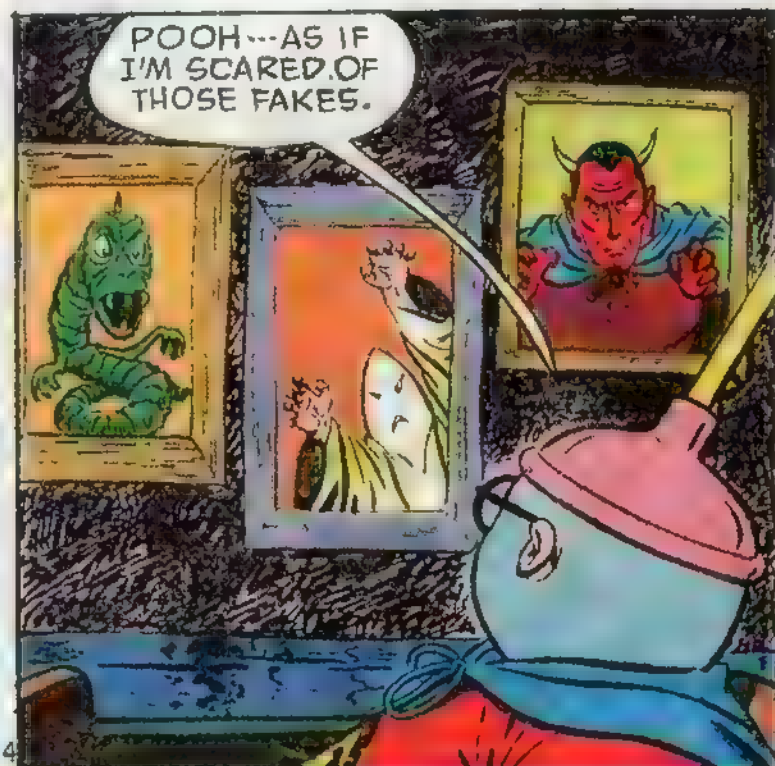
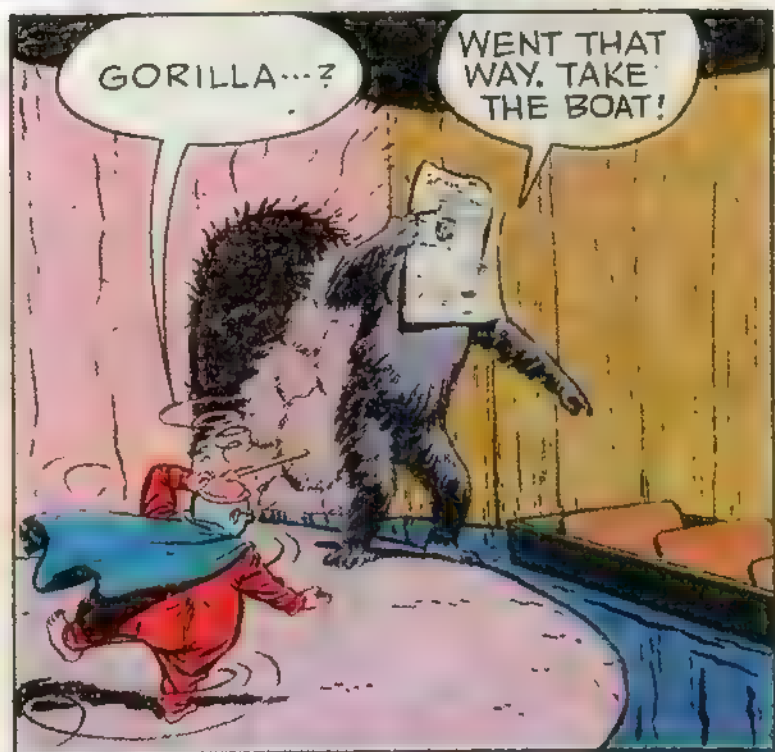
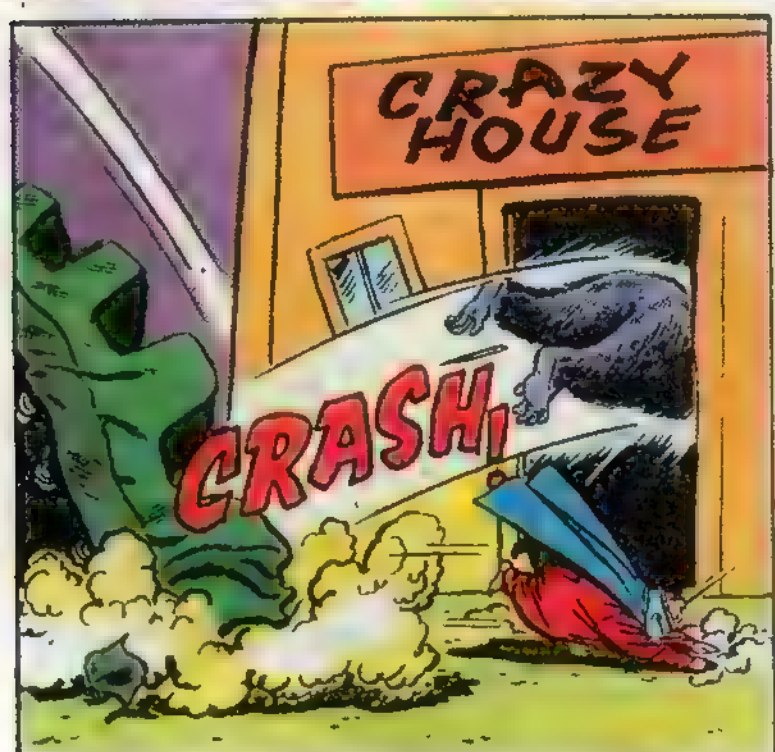
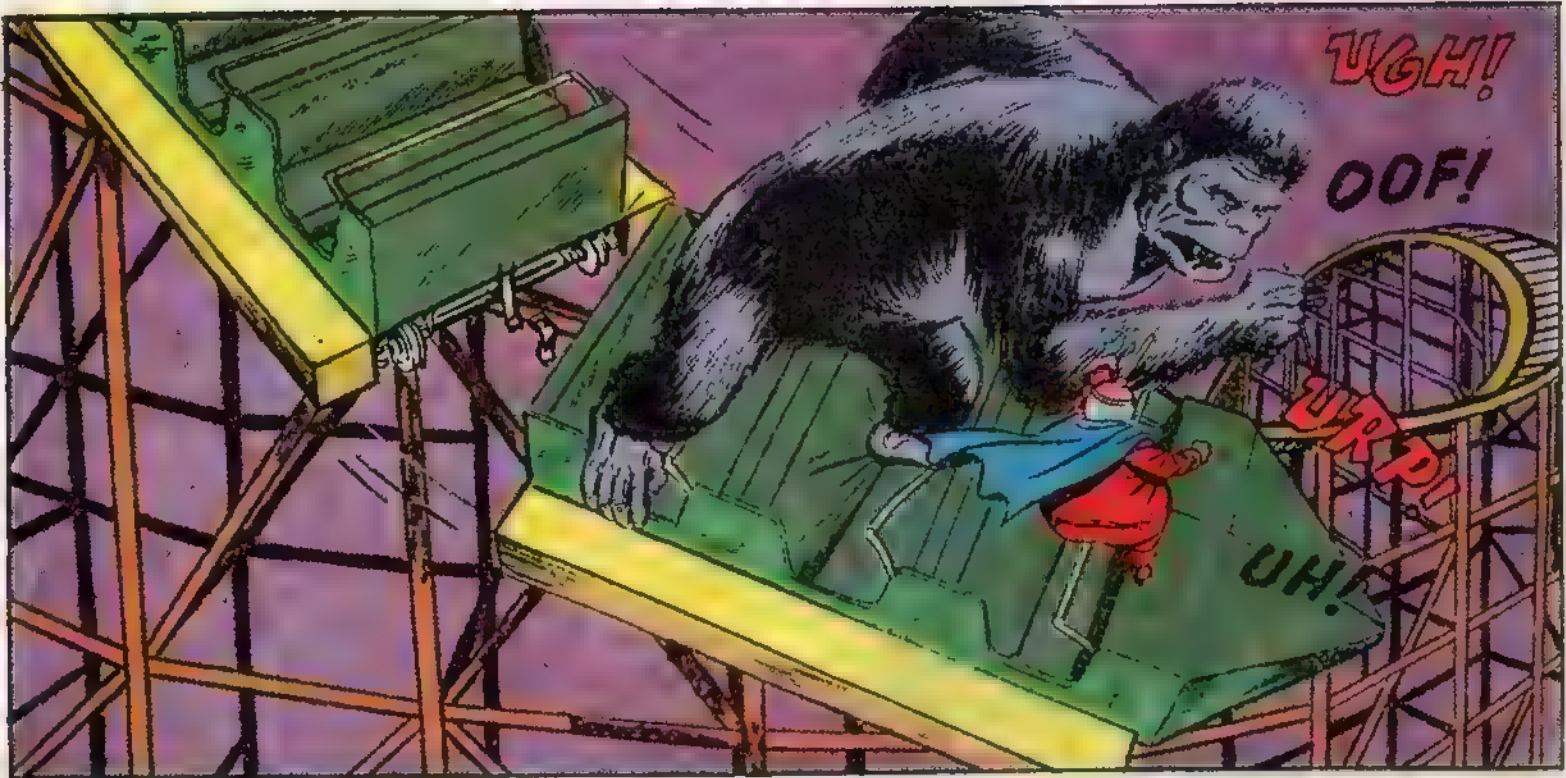


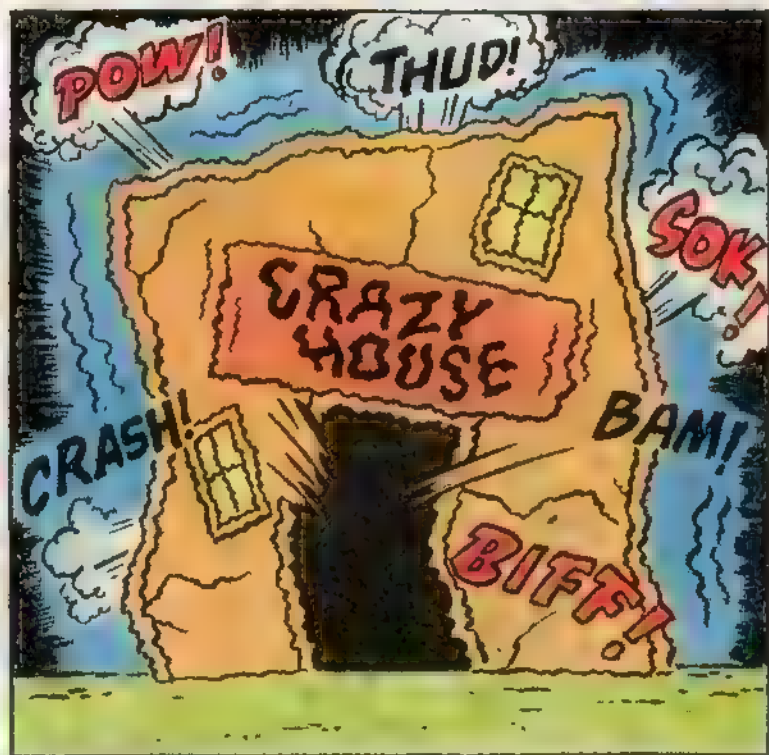




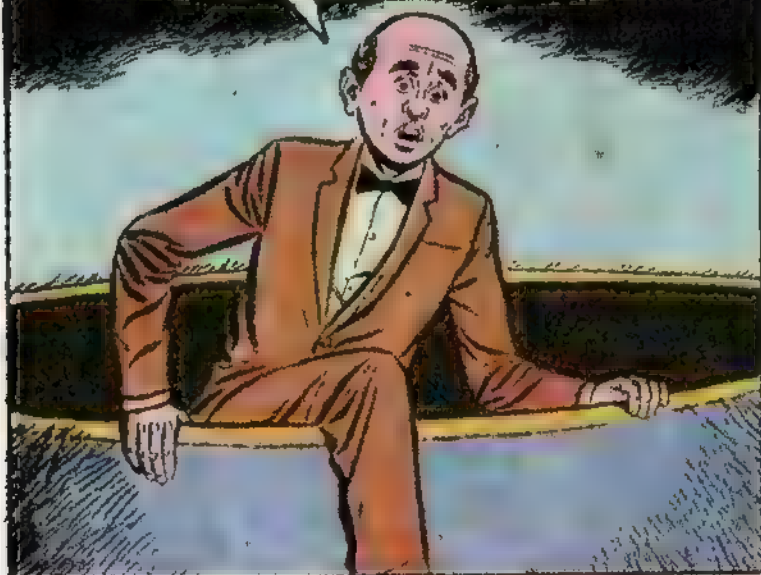


(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)





M-ME---MR. MOLECULE! I D-DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM---I JUST DID IT 'CAUSE I WANTED TO B-BE **BIG AND STRONG** FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE!



"THAT'S HOW I SAVED CIRCUS FOR CHICK BEEPLE---PAID HIM BACK FOR GOOD TURN HE'D DONE WHEN I WAS BABY. AND NOW THINGS ARE JUST THE SAME AS EVER ON THE LOT!!"

FAT FELICIA

THE HUMAN SKELETON

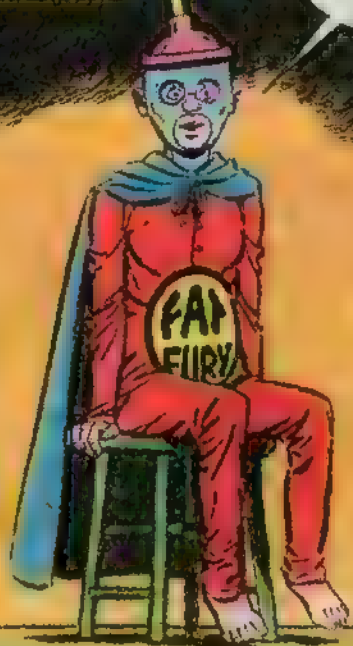
BIG B

THE MAN FROM MARS



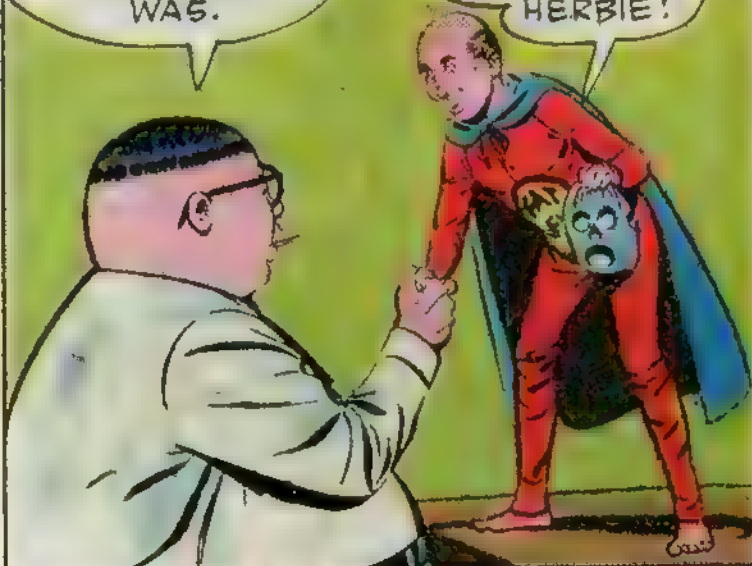
"AND LASTLY---"

GUESS WHO!



NOBODY CALL YOU **MR. MOLECULE** ANY LONGER. YOU'RE BIGGEST LITTLE COSTUME HERO EVER WAS.

GOLLY, THANKS! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY YOU'VE MADE ME, HERBIE!



THAT'S THE STORY---ALL ABOUT HOW I PAID OFF DEBT TO CHICK BEEPLE. SO IF YOU EVER MEET UP WITH ME PERSONALLY, DON'T HESITATE TO GIVE ME LOLLIPOP. NEVER CAN TELL WHAT IT'S GOING TO BRING YOU.



BUT IF YOU **DON'T** GIVE ME LOLLIPOP, YOU KNOW DURN WELL WHAT IT'S GONNA BRING YOU. **POW--- RIGHT IN KISSER!**



"HERE'S HERBIE!"

All right, all you smart "Herbie" fans. Line up and button lips while I talk. Real break for you, this special prize issue. Out of kindness of heart, announcement was made in issue No. 6 of great, colossal, real gone fat contest. Idea was to send in your own original story idea for me to star in. Best story idea received to be written as script by Shane O'Shea, drawn by Ogden Whitney and published under winner's name. Big honor. Second prize winner to receive autographed picture of me, the incomparable Herbie Popnecker, inscribed to winner personally, plus one (1) special Herbie-model lollipop. Third prize winner to get original manuscript of one of my greatest adventures, "A Caveman Named Herbie", autographed by me, plus one (1) special Popnecker-Pop. Five next winners each to receive year's subscription to greatest magazine ever published—you guess which one. All clear? Results now all in, winners selected, here they are:

First Prize: Richard Roesberg
21 Gainor Avenue
Maple Shade, N.J.

For original idea for "Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye", complete in this issue.

Second Prize: Marvin Wolfman
142-18 59th Avenue
Flushing, N.Y.

Third Prize: Leo Soricelli
1219 Elm Street
Peekskill, N.Y.

Subscription winners:

Cheryl Brooks	Amy Fisher
29 Larch Street	38-45 Northern Drive
Pawtucket, R.I.	Fair Lawn, N.J.

Philip Vasquez	Wanda Moore
117-46 134th Street	35 Navy Road
So. Ozone Park, N.Y.	San Francisco, Calif.

Rodney Personette
507 Wayne Avenue
Pensacola, Fla.

Now going to bring you few letters from readers because I'm generous type. But first, want

to tell you about next issue, which you will either buy or suffer fractures and contusions. "Herbie" No. 13, October-November, on sale middle of August. Fine chance to read all about me in "Pirate Gold", magnificent story far too good for you. Also "Mom's New Coat", which you don't deserve either, but I might as well be big about it. (Fat, too.) Orders from Herbie: *Buy or Die!*

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Your story, 'Professor Flipdome's Screw Machine' was hilarious. Please don't bop me, Herbie, I missed 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral'. Hey, Herbie, tell Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney that they should publish a 25c issue. You'd get twice the laughs for less than twice the money! Your comic is the best in the Universe. It isn't worth 12c, it's worth \$12 million!

—Dennis Levesque,
2 Broad Street, Nashua, New Hampshire."

Won't bop you, Dennis, but you should bop yourself for having missed magnificent yarn. Your arithmetic's lousy, all except part about my magazine worth \$12 million. That part's pretty accurate. Even more.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Everytime I go to get comics and see a comic about you, I get it. I think it's the best, funniest and greatest comic and I'd fight for it and never surrender! I've learned that there language with that there accent. And I wrote this here letter so you wouldn't hit me with that there lollipop. How do you keep from letting your father know about your powers? I'll never stop buying your comics, Fatsol!

—David Suarez,
7115 Narrows Avenue, Brooklyn 9, N.Y."

Very right about lots of things, David, but would suggest you learn more of that there language and accent. Never hit with lollipop—BOP with lollipop. Old adage: "What Herbie bops let no man UNbop!" Easy to keep my powers from father... have powers even I don't know about yet.

"Dear Herbie:-

I shall hang my head in shame forever, for like Robert Rauch, I missed your first issue. So if anybody knows where I could get one, please, please, please write! I think Herbie is great, fracturing and even funny—and the greatest thing since lollipops!

—Jim McVicar,

Sussex Kings Co., New Brunswick, Canada"

Smart, this Jim. Knows what's good.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I agree with your father. I think you're a little fat nothing. And you better stop all them wise answers, too, or I'll be right down to Madison Avenue and bop you with this here baseball bat. P.S.: Come to Gloucester and I'll beat you up.

—Roger Mattson, Gloucester, Massachusetts."

Remember Roger? Used to be fine, strong specimen—good health, lots of muscles, stuff like that. Won't recognize him if you see him today. Tch, tch. All three eyes black, both noses flat, five legs in splints. Awarded consolation prize as Most Bopped Personage Of Year. Like we said, tch, tch!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Your magazine is wonderful, stupendous, colossal, fabulous, cool, wunderbar and neat, too! One thing irks me—in 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral', you first had a shotgun shooting bullets and then shotgun shells—how come? Please, please don't get mad at me, Herbie!

—Tom Grant,

810 West White Oak, Independence, Mo."

You got something against my magazine, Tom? Better say nice things about it that it deserves or may lose my temper. Fatal. About shotgun: it got slightly confused, that's all. Things like that happen around me.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I am a 16-year-old girl who has gone Herbie-Mad. I think you have the best comics to be found anywhere, so please keep up the good work!

—Barbara Cooper,

1539 E. 34th Street, Cleveland, Ohio."

Women always love me, Barbara. Can't help it. Irresistible. Handsome. Romantic. Romantic. Handsome. Irresistible. Very fat, too.

"Dear Herbie:-

Please don't bop me with this here lollipop, because I have read almost all of your comics. True, I missed the first three, but that was before I knew about your great stories. Since I latched onto Herbie, you can be sure I'll never miss another one of your issues, because I value my life. In your No. 8 issue, I don't think you should have let Mr. Horrible twist you. In your next story, bop the bully on sight. And, oh yes—I think 'Nelly No-Date' is a waste of time and paper. Your friend and fan—

—Steve Schmutz,

1515 Tuolumne Street, Vallejo, California."

Missed first three issues, huh? Pretty grave offense, but may forgive slightly upon receipt of 50-year subscription. Otherwise may consider wiping Vallejo off map. Notify mayor in case he desires evacuate place. Don't worry anymore about "Nelly No-Date". Have already be-bopped this character.

* * *

"Dear Herbie Fat Creep Popnecker:-

Want subscription, see?

—Michael D. Laus,

562 Rodi Road, Pittsburgh 35, Pennsylvania."

Paid your money, get your subscription. Lucky, lucky man . . .

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You are the most magnificent, superb, stupendous comics character there is. In issue No. 6, I must compliment the stories. 'A Caveman Named Herbie' was a masterpiece. 'Space-Age Herbie' was colossal, too. I know that anybody who doesn't like your magazine should be bopped with your lollipop. My friend, Richard Onley, and I are positively crazy about you and we aren't the only ones. But some people are saying to me, 'Herbie? Who's Herbie?' And I say to them, 'Only the best comics character ever, Bub!' Herbie, your stories are excellent. Keep them that way, please. I am a steady reader of your magazine. You're not a Fat Little Nothing. You mean a lot to many kids like me!

—Vernon Proctor,

409 Sheffield Drive, Wallingford, Penn."

Man after my own heart, Vernon. Don't mind being Fat Little Nothing as long as am Fattest Little Nothing in world. And who can doubt that?

**FIRST
PRIZE FAN
STORY AWARD!**

Winner
RICHARD ROESBERG
21 GAINOR AVENUE
MAPLE SHADE, N.J.

HERE IT IS, READERS...THE GRAND PRIZE STORY IN OUR BIG CONTEST! IT WAS ADAPTED FROM AN IDEA SUBMITTED BY ONE OF OUR FANS AND WORKED INTO SCRIPT FORM BY SHANE O'SHEA. TCH, TCH...ALL IT'S GOT IS LAFFS, SHRIEKS AND ROARS!

PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!

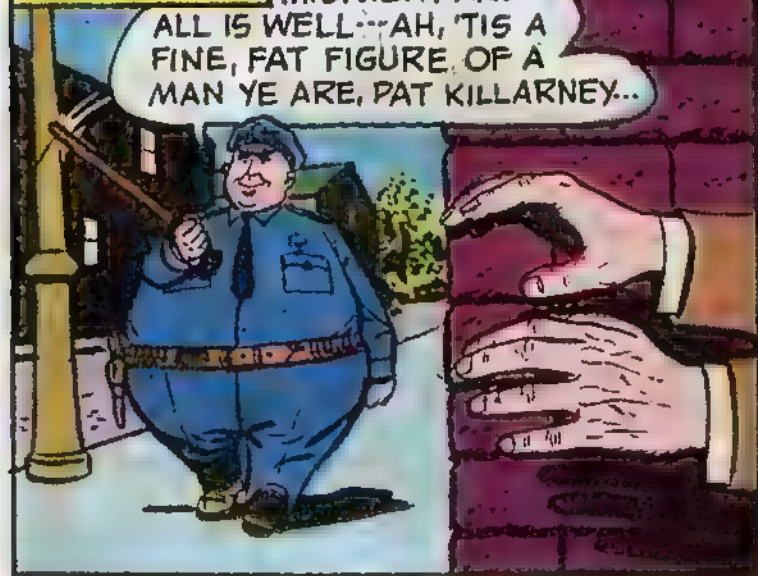
ART: OGDEN (HIMSELF)
WHITNEY



WHAT BETTER PLACE TO OPEN A HERBIE STORY THAN HIS OWN HOME TOWN? HERE'S OFFICER KILLARNEY POUNDING HIS BEAT. HE'S EVEN FATTER THAN HERBIE...AND PROUD OF IT...

MIDNIGHT AND

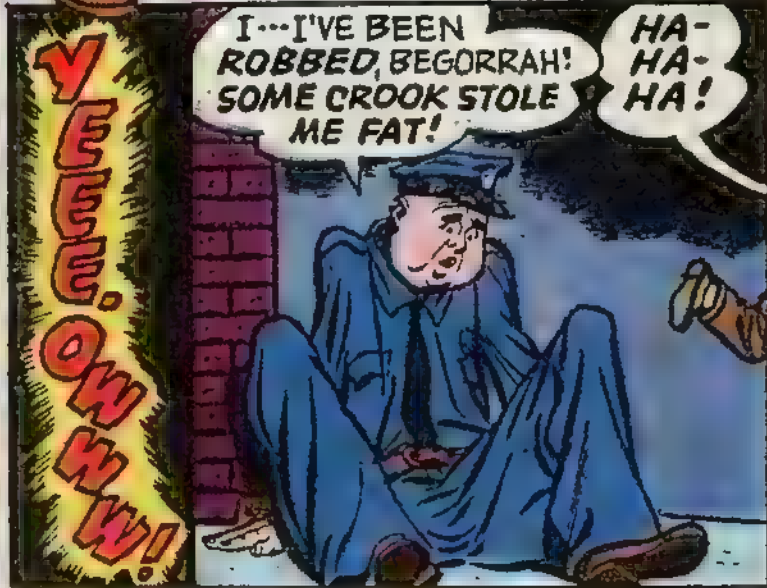
ALL IS WELL...AH, 'TIS A FINE, FAT FIGURE OF A MAN YE ARE, PAT KILLARNEY...

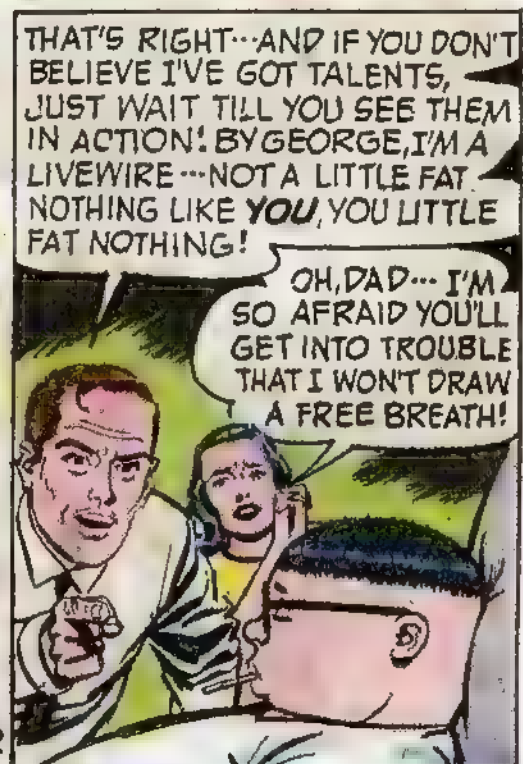
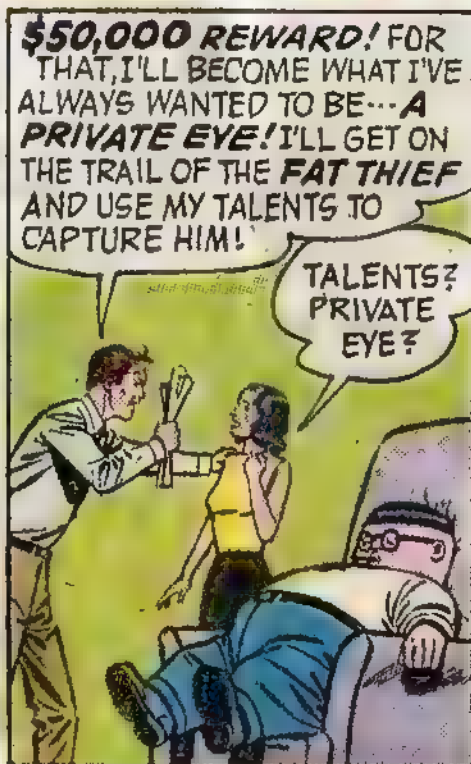
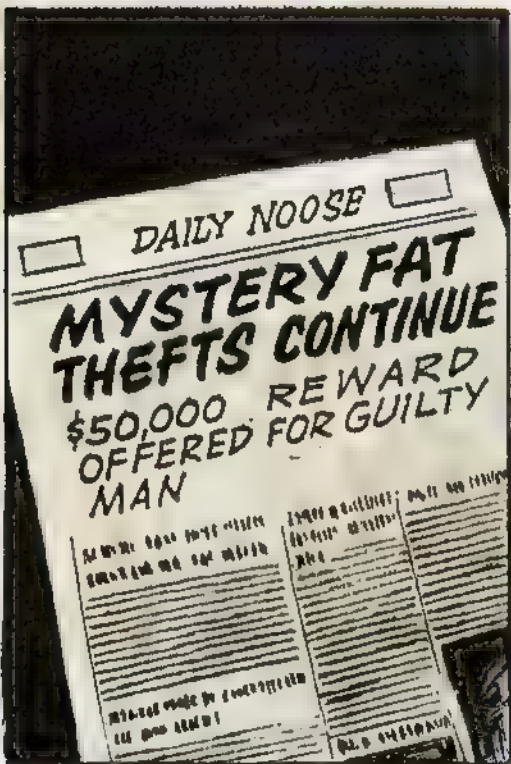
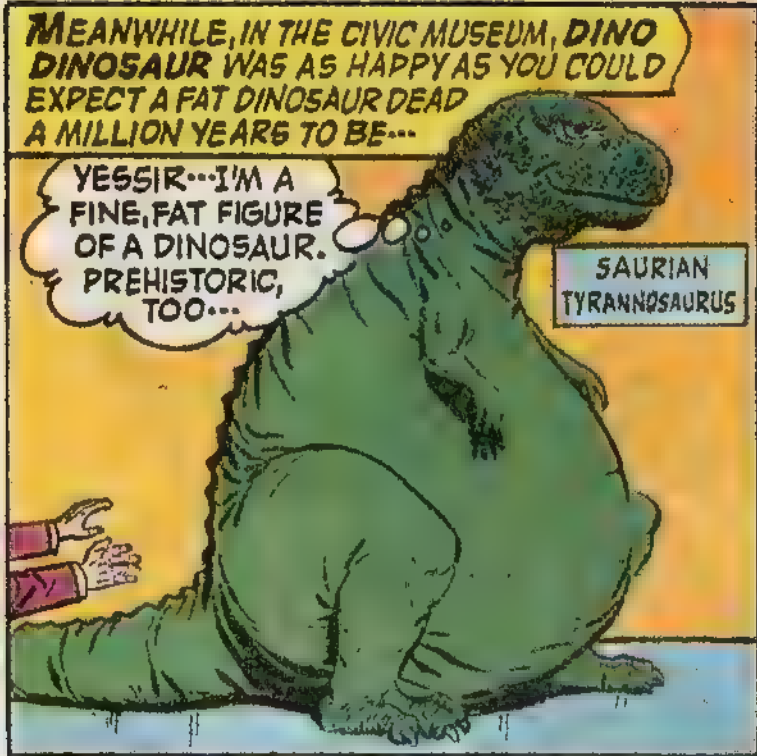


YEE-OWWW!

I...I'VE BEEN ROBBED, BEGORRAH! SOME CROOK STOLE ME FAT!

HA-HA-HA!

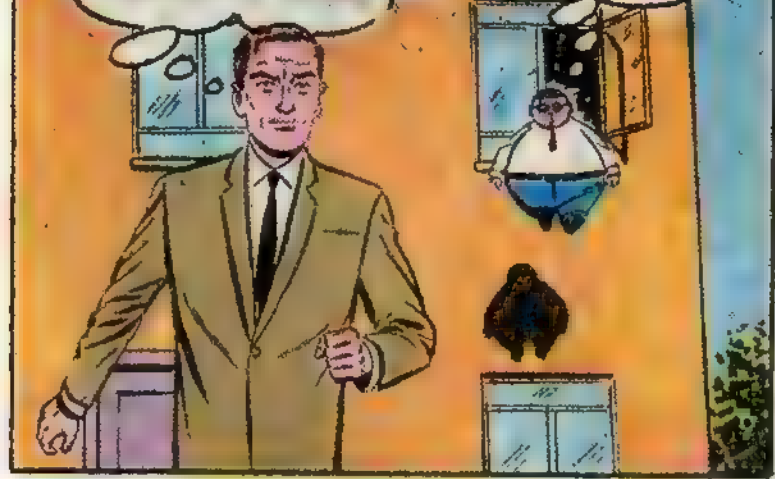




WELL, HERBIE DIDN'T WANT MOM TO HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DAD...SO NEXT MORNING, WHEN PINCUS POPNECKER HIT THE TRAIL...

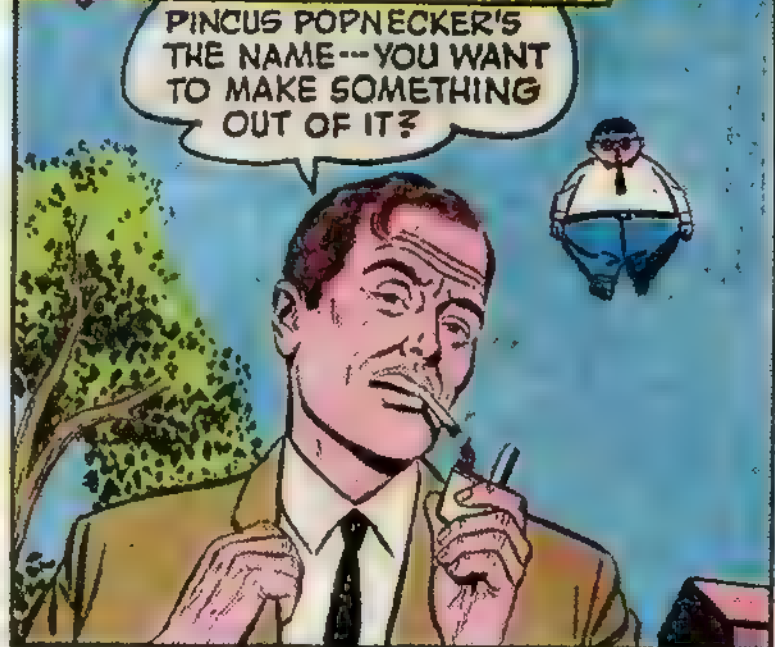
THIS IS THE START OF A GREAT NEW CAREER FOR ME...
PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!

FOLLOW...TRY TO KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE.



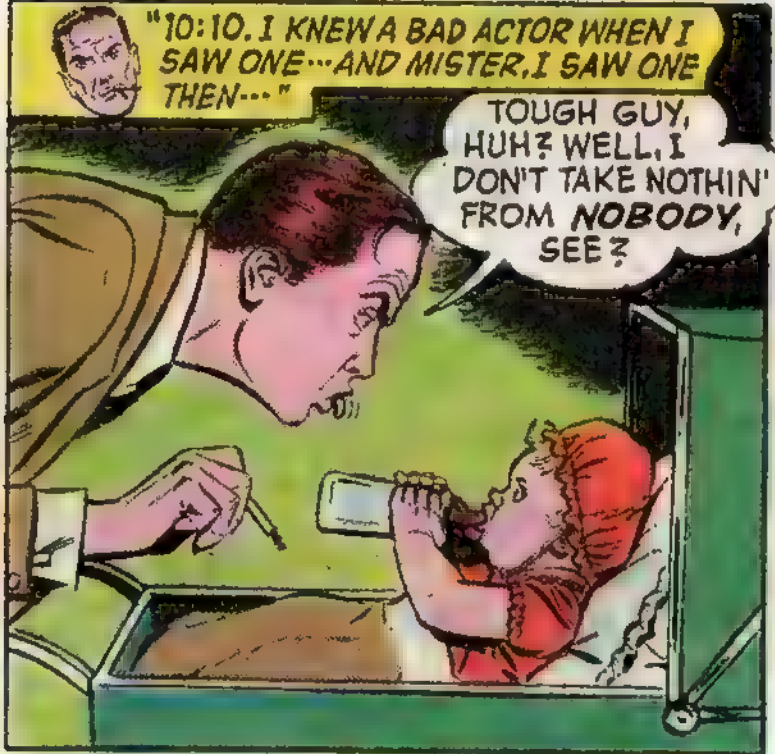
"9:23 A.M. I WAS LOOKING FOR A LEAD AND SPOILING FOR A FIGHT...NOBODY WAS PUSHING ME AROUND..."

PINCUS POPNECKER'S THE NAME...YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT?



"10:10. I KNEW A BAD ACTOR WHEN I SAW ONE...AND MISTER, I SAW ONE THEN..."

TOUGH GUY, HUH? WELL, I DON'T TAKE NOthin' FROM **NOBODY**, SEE?

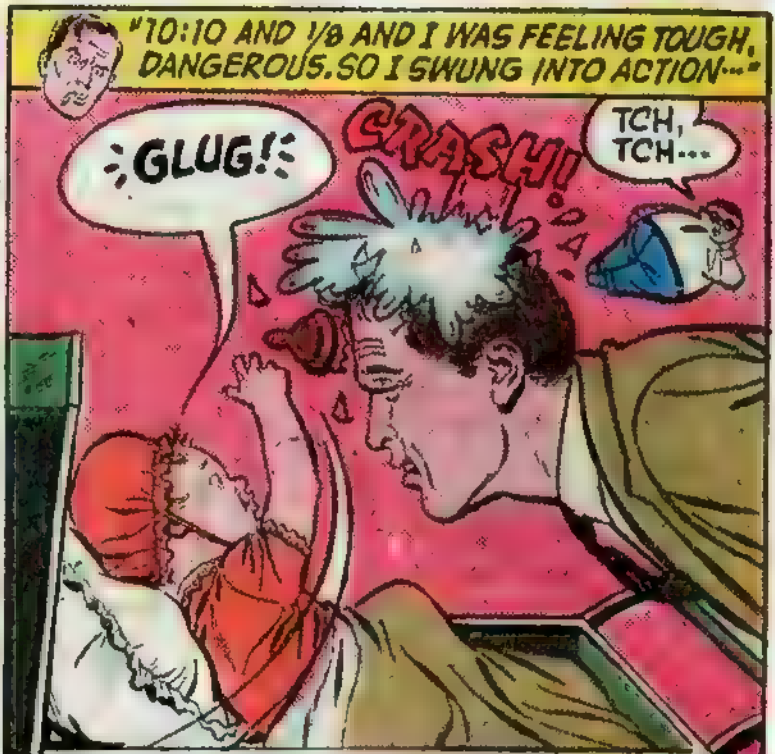


"10:10 AND 1/8 AND I WAS FEELING TOUGH, DANGEROUS. SO I SWUNG INTO ACTION..."

GLUG!

CRASH!

TCH, TCH...



"SEE HOW I SHOWED THAT HARD CHARACTER? IT WAS 10:16 A.M. AS I WALKED DOWN THE MAIN DRAG, READY FOR TROUBLE. I COULD SEE GUYS CROSSING THE STREET TO GET OUT OF MY WAY...BUT NOT THE DOLLS! A KNOCKOUT WAS HEAD-ING MY WAY AND I COULD TELL SHE WAS GIVING ME THE OLD EYE..."



"WHY NOT? I WAS PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE, AND I WAS ALL MAN! SO..."

HIYA, BABE!



TCH, TCH...



"NOON...AND I WAS FEELING HUNGRY AND MEAN, MEAN. SO I PUT A TOUGH GRIN ON MY FACE AND DARED THE WORLD TO START SOMETHING..."

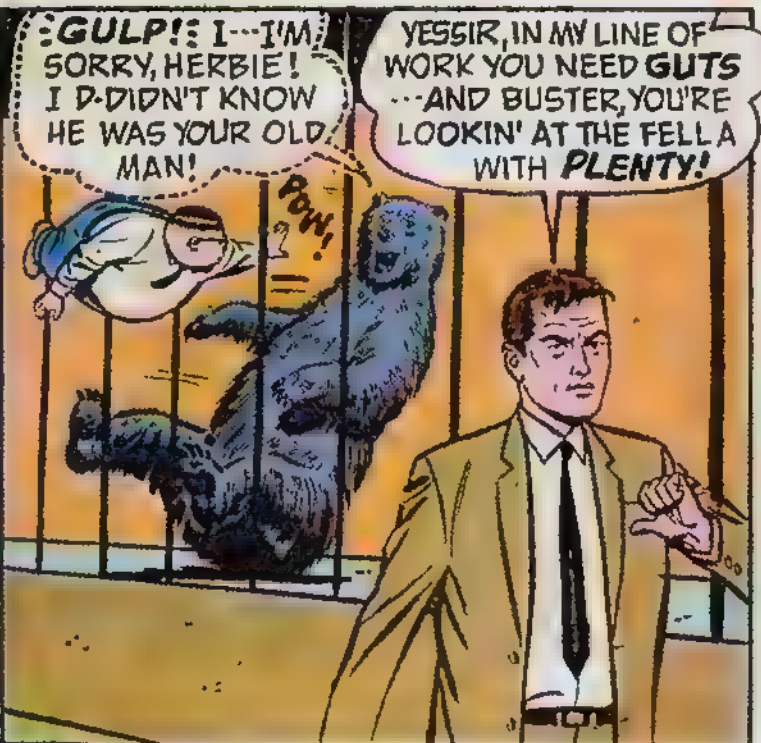


YELLA, HUH? CAN'T TAKE IT, HUH?

WELL, I'M THE GUY WHO CAN DISH IT OUT, SEE? GUNS OR FISTS, EITHER WAY!

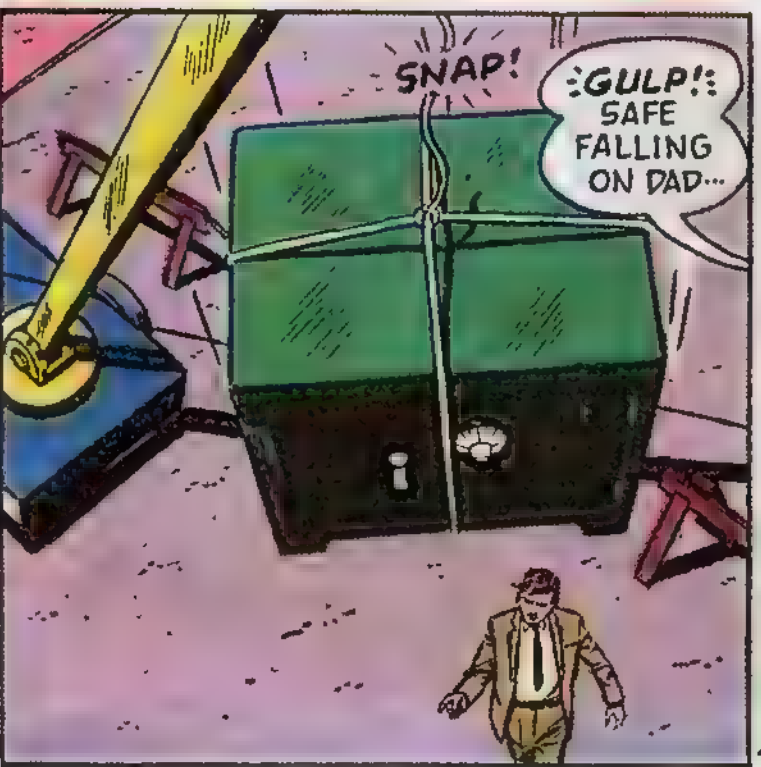
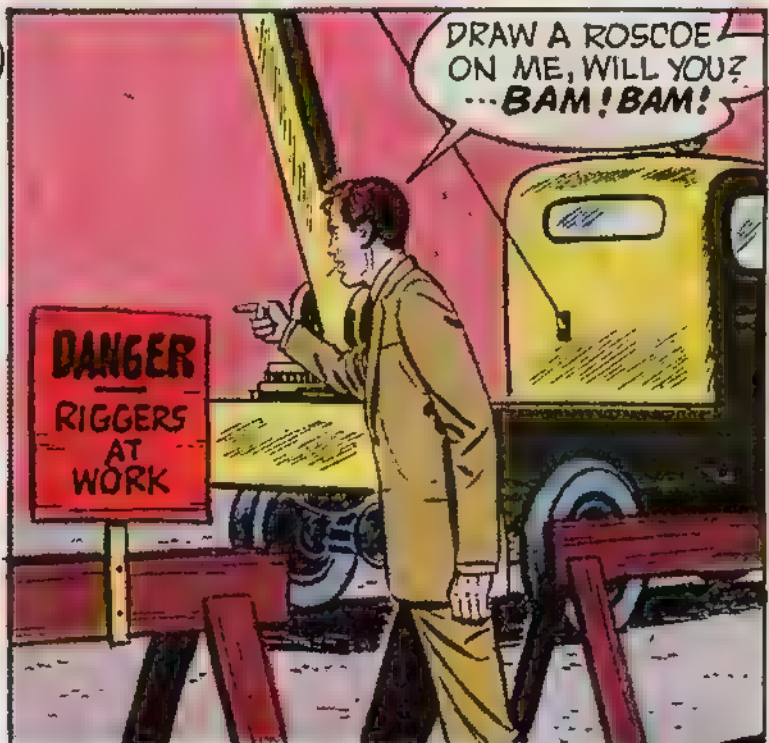


GULP! I...I'M SORRY, HERBIE! I D-DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS YOUR OLD MAN!



YESSIR, IN MY LINE OF WORK YOU NEED GUTS...AND BUSTER, YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT THE FELLA WITH PLENTY!

DRAW A ROSCOE ON ME, WILL YOU? ...BAM! BAM!



SNAP!

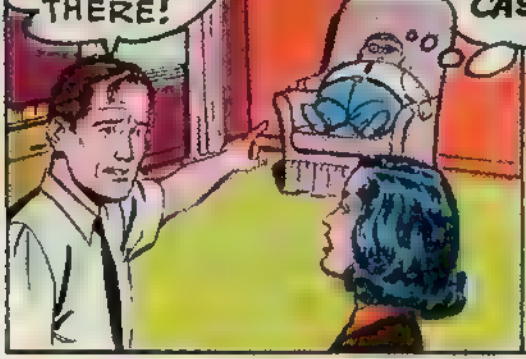
GULP! SAFE FALLING ON DAD...

TELL THE CORONER HE DIED OF A CASE OF LEAD POISONING... COURTESY OF PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!



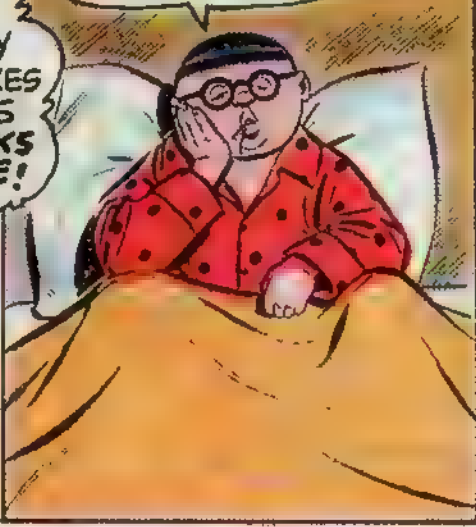
THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT ALL WEEK-- UNTIL---

I MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT, MOM--- I HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE LEAD TO THE **FAT-THIEF!** I'M A FLOP, A FAILURE---ALMOST AS BAD AS **HERBIE** THERE!

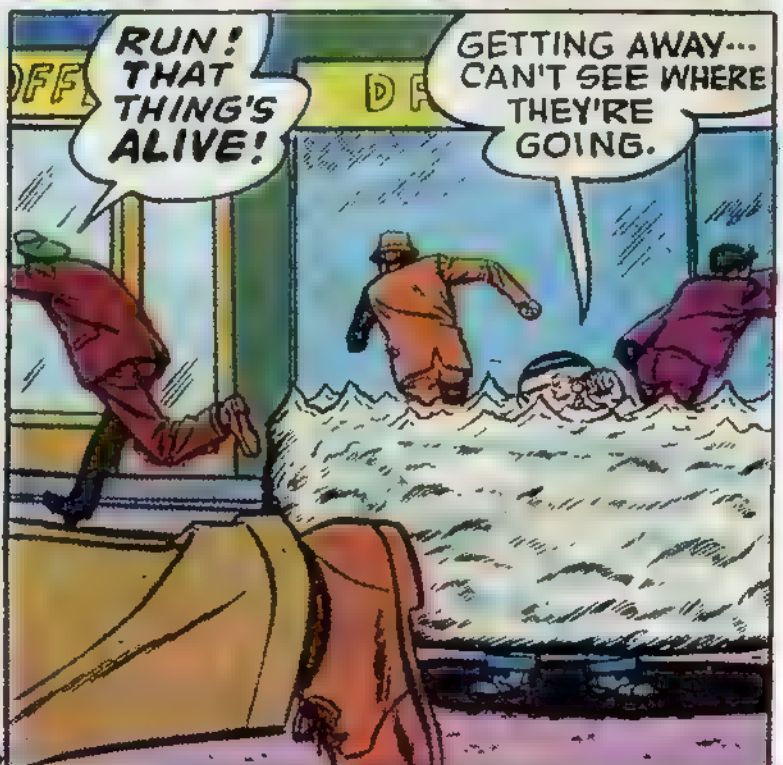


HE CAN'T BE **THAT** BAD. MUST BE LOSING HIS GRIP---GOTTA BUILD HIM UP. ONLY WAY IS IF HE MAKES BIG SUCCESS AND **CRACKS** CASE!

MEANS I'VE GOTTA CRACK CASE FOR HIM. LET'S SEE--- VILLAIN STEALS FAT, ALL THE TIME FAT. MAYBE WOULD LIKE FATTENING **THINGS**. GIVE IT A TRY---

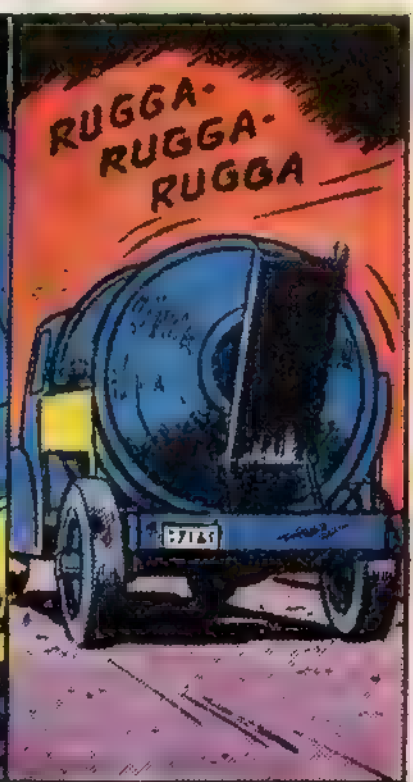
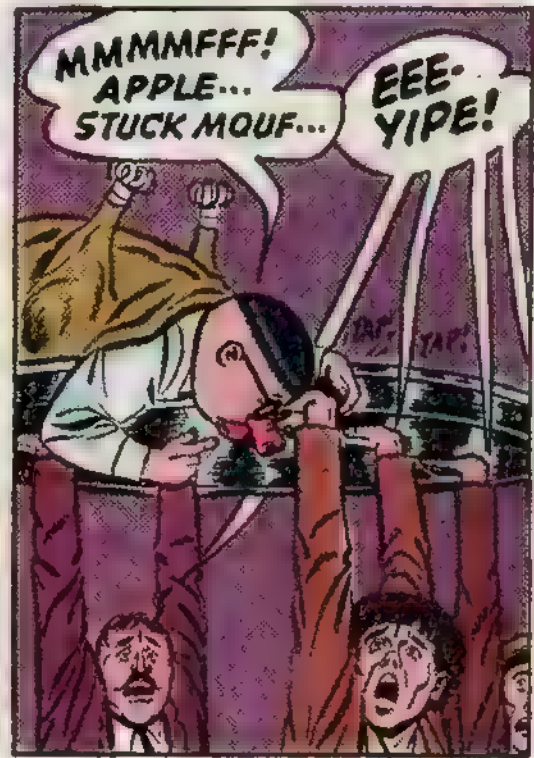
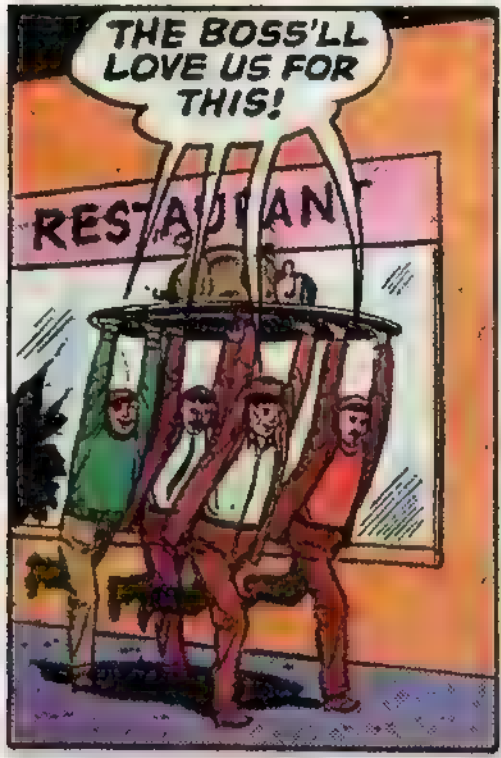
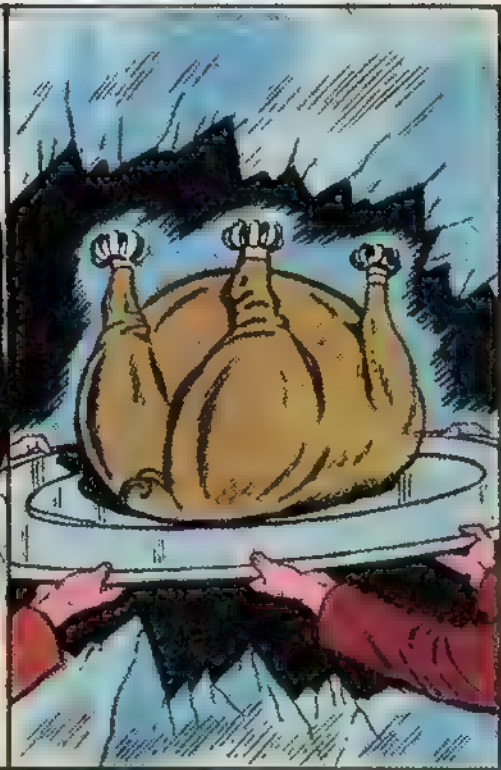
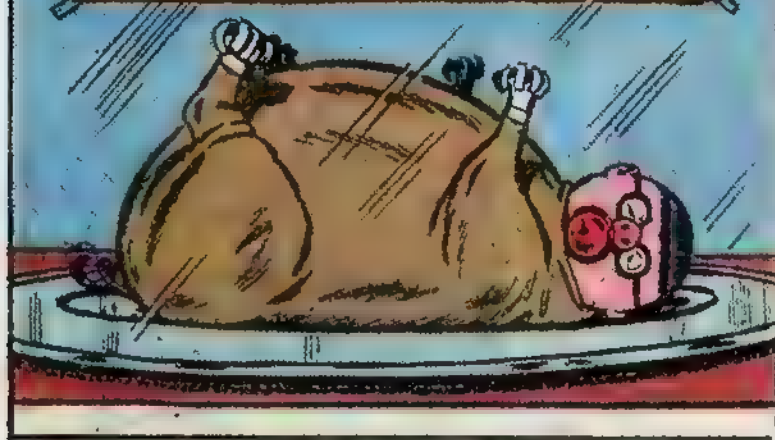


SO NEXT DAY---IN THE TOWN'S SECOND-BEST RESTAURANT---



BUT YOU COULDN'T DISCOURAGE HERBIE---NOT THAT EASILY. SO NEXT NIGHT---IN THE WINDOW OF THE TOWN'S BEST RESTAURANT---

THE FATTEST, TASTIEST ROAST PIG IN THE WORLD. EVEN MORE FATTENING THAN FATTENING CAKE!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



MONSTER

S-I-Z-E MONSTERS

Just imagine your friends' shock when they walk into your room and see the "visitor" standing around . . . as BIG as life. Frankenstein and Dracula — as awful and sinister as any wild dream. . . . A full 6-foot tall in chilling full color on durable 80-pound stock, and so life-like you'll probably find yourself talking to them. Won't you be surprised if they answer! Just send \$1 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. Money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

**FULL 6 FT.
TALL
IN AUTHENTIC COLOR
ONLY
\$1.00**

10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Honor House Prod. Corp.

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Rush me my 6-ft. tall monsters. Send me:

☐ Frankenstein

☐ Dracula

I enclose \$1 plus 25¢ for postage and handling for each. If I don't get shivers of delight, I can return my purchase within 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price.

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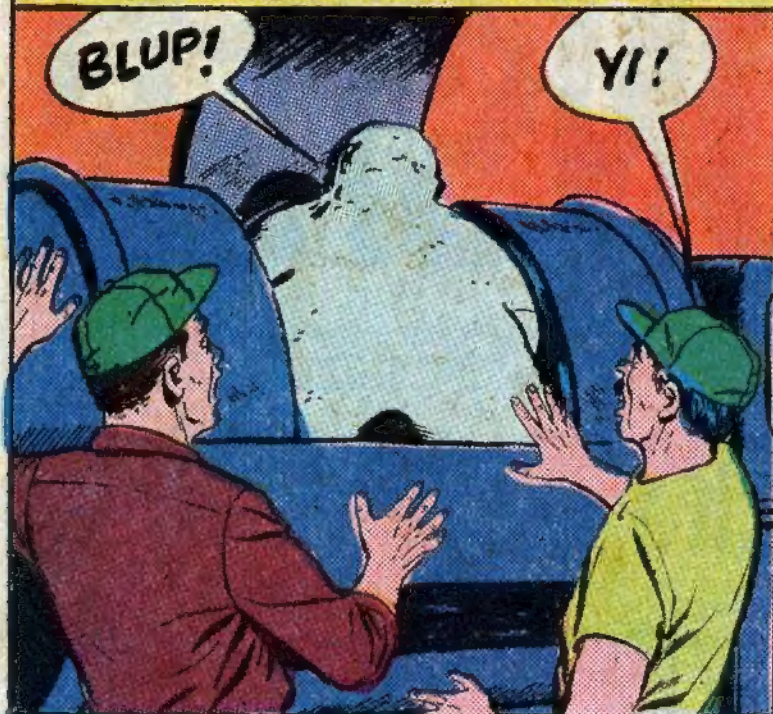
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AND WHEN THE CONCRETE-MIXER ARRIVED...

BLUP!

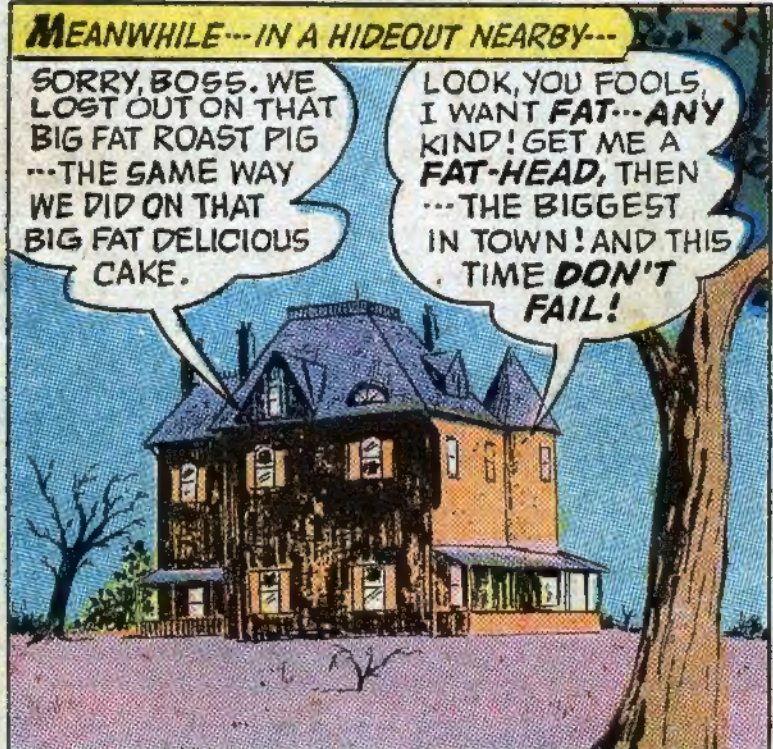
YI!



MEANWHILE---IN A HIDEOUT NEARBY---

SORRY, BOSS. WE LOST OUT ON THAT BIG FAT ROAST PIG ---THE SAME WAY WE DID ON THAT BIG FAT DELICIOUS CAKE.

LOOK, YOU FOOLS, I WANT **FAT**...**ANY** KIND! GET ME A **FAT-HEAD**, THEN ---THE BIGGEST IN TOWN! AND THIS TIME **DON'T FAIL!**



THIS TIME THEY **DIDN'T** FAIL. THEY WENT AFTER THE BIGGEST FAT-HEAD IN TOWN---AND THEY GOT HIM!

H-HELP! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO P-PINCUS P-POPNECKER!



HERBIE SLEPT ALL THROUGH IT---BUT NEXT MORNING, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT HE HIT THE TRAIL---

NOT GOING TO FAIL THIS TIME. GOT TO FIND DAD---BRING HIM BACK.



SEEN MY FATHER? MISSING.

KNOW SOME-THIN', HERBIE? I WAS ALMOST MISSIN' MESELF A COUPLA HOURS BACK. THERE I WAS, FLYIN' OVER A SOITAIN ROOFTOP, MINDIN' ME OWN BUSINESS---



"---WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, UP COMES A BIG NET---AND JUST MISSES GRABBIN' ME OFF!"

AWK!

CATCH HIM! THAT FAT-HEAD YOU BROUGHT IN LAST NIGHT ISN'T DOING ME ANY GOOD!



